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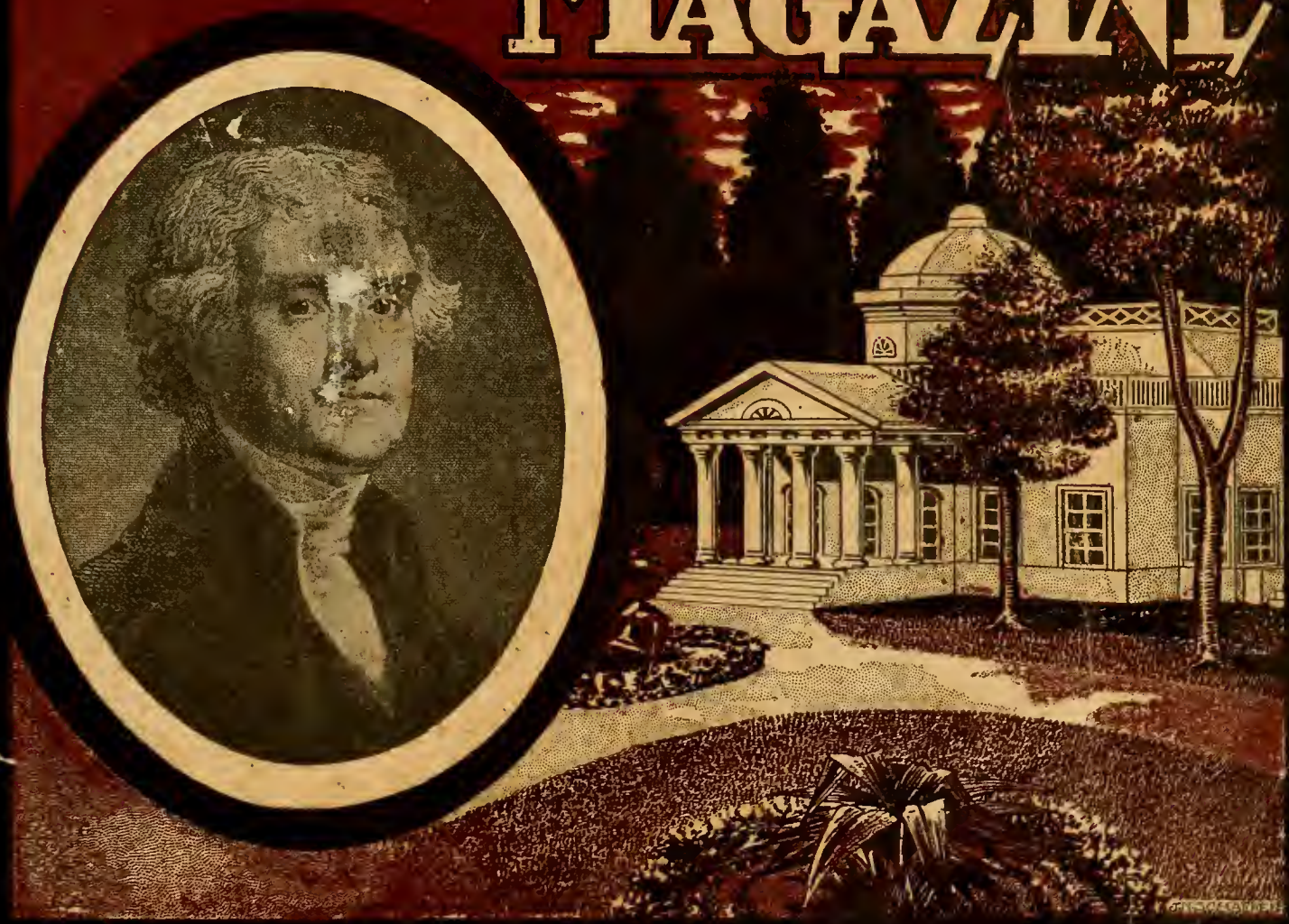

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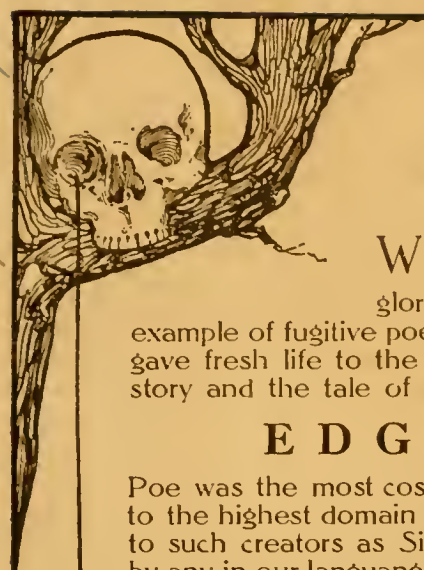

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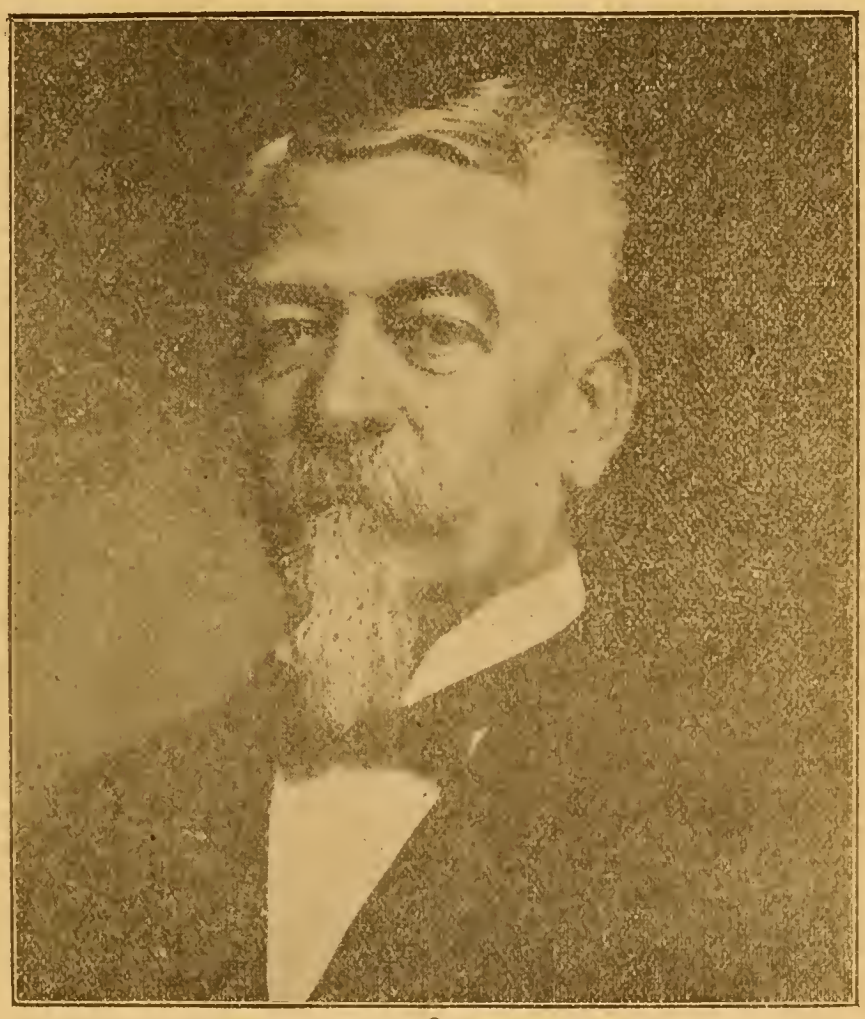

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The result of an hour's angling off the Florida coast. Reading from left to right the members of the party are Maj. C. E. McGregor, James McGregor, J. D. Watson, Thos. E. Watson. Photograph taken while Mr. Watson and his house-guests were enjoying a winter visit to Las Olas, Mr. Watson's winter home near Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

# EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

## The Story of the South and West

(Copyright by Thos. E. Watson, 1911.)

### Chapter VI.

LEAVING the Spaniards to drowsily persist, along the coasts of Florida, where they made no material and lasting impression on American history, we turn to the English, the real colonizers of our part of the Continent, and the real builders of the republic.

Who that beheld Sir Walter Raleigh, at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, could have taken him to be one of the profoundly earnest men of his times, one of the most far-sighted, one of the most heroic and enterprising? To the casual eye, he seemed a carpet knight; a gallant beau among fair women; a handsome, polished, tactful, assiduous seeker of the Queen's favor. Brave in velvet and fine laces, shimmering with a lavish display of magnificent diamonds, suave and high-headed, it is no wonder that the ladies smiled on him, that the rival aspirants for Elizabeth's friendship envied him, and that the common people hated him.

But underneath that outward appearance of levity and pride, was the stern fibre of splendid manhood. Like Henry of Navarre, his love of pleasure and of magnificence did not dull the ardor of his serious purpose nor enervate his soul. Even when he flung his cloak upon the muddy ground, to keep the queenly feet from being soiled, it is more than probable that he was thinking of securing those charters which would open to him the distant gates of a New World.

Born to affluence, educated according to the highest standards of his day, his birth, his accomplishments and his manners would have assured his cordial reception in the most exclusive social circle.

Yet so keen was his appetite for adventure and so earnest his zeal as a Protestant, that we find him a volunteer soldier in France, giving six years of his young manhood to the cause of the Huguenots. In this manner, he laid the foundation of the implacable hatred of Rome—a hatred that was at length to slake itself in his life-blood.

After his glorious, unselfish service among the French Protestants, we find him in the Netherlands, aiding the unconquerable Dutch in their marvellous resistance to the full strength of Catholic Spain.

And Rome made another entry in her deadly account against him.

Returning to England, he speedily

becomes a favorite with the Queen. She heaps honors and wealth upon him. She appoints him to positions of great responsibility and power. He is one of those who plan the defense against The Great Armada. He is a principal commander in the expedition which sinks the Spanish fleet off Cadiz. In fact, it was said and believed at the time that Raleigh was the brains of the expedition. This was another load of fuel to the hatred of Rome and Spain.

Under a temporary cloud, because of the seduction of one of the Queen's maids, he weds the young woman, and she makes him a most excellent wife.

But his consuming passion is for adventure, for exploration, for treasure-seeking. Securing most liberal charters from Queen Elizabeth, who was lavish with what wasn't hers, Raleigh spent, in his several expeditions to our shores, a sum which would now be worth much more than a million dollars. It was his own money—not a cent did the Queen, or any one else, invest in the venture.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, commanded one of these litttle fleets; but his attempt to colonize was a failure. Not daunted, he sailed again, and was lost at sea.

Sir Walter himself commanded the expedition which landed at the mouth of the Orinoco; and, in boats, he explored the up-river county for 400 miles. He treated the Indians with kindness, and never had the slightest trouble with them. They responded to his friendliness, and remembered him gratefully many years.

In December, 1890, at a meeting of the American Historical Association, Professor Stephen B. Weeks, of the Johns Hopkins University, read a most scholarly and valuable paper on the subject of the Raleigh expeditions. He proves conclusively that the "lost" colony of Roanoke, North Carolina, simply moved to another locality, and gradually amalgamated with the friendly tribe of Hatteras Indians. Instead of having been exterminated by the savages, they were received as members of the family; and they are now represented by thousands of the mixed race, commonly called Croatan Idians.

Professor Weeks' paper is so complete and so conclusive that I can neither condense nor improve it. I present it, in full:

The English race has had three homes. Old England was to be found amid the primitive forests of Germany; Middle England is Britain; New England is America. We revere the region which nourished our ancestors during the childhood of the race and developed in them the qualities of bravery, purity, and patriotism. No spot in Britain, remarks an English historian, can be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the tread of English feet; and to Americans no spot should be so sacred as Roanoke Island in Dare County, North Carolina, within sight and sound of the stormy Atlantic, where the first English settlement in the new world was made. Here landed in 1585 the first forerunners of the English-speaking millions now in America; here was turned the first spade of

earth to receive English seed; here the first English house was built; and here on the 18th of August, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first of Anglo-Americans, was born.

In the spring of 1584, under a patent from the queen, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out two ships to make discoveries. They reached the coast of North Carolina in July, made some explorations, and returned with two natives and flattering reports to England. In April, 1585, a fleet of seven vessels under the command of Sir Richard Grenville sailed for America. A settlement was made on Roanoke Island and Ralph Lane was placed in command. The colonists explored almost the whole coast of the state. They traversed the whole length of Pamlico and Albermarle sounds. They explored the Chowan and Roanoke rivers and penetrated Virginia nearly as far as the site of Norfolk. In June, 1586, because of trouble with the Indians, shortness of provisions, and the gloomy prospect of affairs in Europe, the whole colony returned to England with the fleet of Sir Francis Drake. Thus ended the first English settlement in America.

In 1587 Raleigh sent out a second colony under the command of John White. The settlement was fixed on the site occupied by the first colony and White returned to England at once for further supplies. He did not then revisit the colony, nor was the effort to reach it in 1588 successful. The war for religious liberty was now coming on; Protestant England was struggling against Catholic Spain, and all the valor of Raleigh, Grenville, and Lane was needed by their royal mistress to meet the Invincible Armada.

The colony was forgotten for the time, but in February, 1590 (1591), through the influence of Raleigh, White secured the release of three merchantmen bound for the West Indies, then detained by an embargo on condition that they bear supplies and passengers to Virginia. These conditions were not fulfilled. White went out alone, unaccompanied by even a servant. The vessels sailed March 20, 1591, but the seamen thought more of plundering than planting. They cruised for some months in the Spanish main, took a number of rich prizes, and reached Virginia in August. Here they encountered heavy gales and lost seven of their best seamen in trying to reach Roanoke. At last a boat was anchored off the fort. They sounded trumpet call and many familiar English tunes, but received no answer. At daybreak they landed; as they stepped upon the sandy beach they saw carved in the very brow of a tree the "fair Roman lettters C. R. O." They advanced to the fort. The houses had been taken down, and the place had been inclosed with a palisado of great trees. They saw many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, iron fowlers, iron-locker shot, and similar heavy things scattered here and there and overgrown with grass. They found where some chests had been buried and then dug up again, their contents spoiled and scattered. White saw some of his own chests broken open, his books torn from their covers, his pictures and maps rotten from the rain, and his armor almost eaten through with rust. One of the principal posts at the right side

of the entrance to the fort had the bark taken off, and five feet above the ground, in "fair capital letters, was graven CROATOAN." No other memorials remained. The colonists had vanished. White returned to the ships, bidding a sad farewell to his colony, to his daughter, and his grandchild. The captain agreed to carry him to Croatan, but after delays he plead shortness of supplies and sailed to the West Indies. The colony left on Roanoke Island in 1587 was seen no more by Europeans.

Such was the unfortunate end of the efforts of Sir Walter Raleigh to found a new empire in the western world. His patent had cost him £40,000 and had not paid him a shilling. His fairest hopes ended in sadness and disappointment; but his failure even gained him immortality, and today the capital city of the fair commonwealth that is proud to have been the scene of his labors bears the honored name of Raleigh.

It is now believed that the colonists of 1587 removed to Croatan soon after the return of Governor White to England, that they intermarried with the Croatan or Hatteras Indians, that their wanderings westward can be definitely traced, and that their descendants can be identified today. There can be no doubt that the colonists removed to Croatan; when White left them they were already preparing to remove from Roanoke. He agreed with them that they should carve in some conspicuous place the name of the section to which they went, and if they went in distress a sign of the cross was to be carved above. The name Croatan was found, but there was no sign of distress. The colonists must have gone on the invitation of Manteo and his friends, and the fact that their chests and other heavy articles were buried, indicates that it was their intention to revisit the island of Roanoke at some future time. Where was Croatan? Croatan, or more properly Croatoan, is an Indian word, and was applied by the Hatteras Indians to the place of their residence. Here Manteo, who had been carried to England by the first explorers in 1584, and who always remained the firm friend of the English, was born, and here his relatives were living when he first met the English; the latter soon began to apply the name to the Indians themselves. The island of Roanoke was not at that time regularly inhabited, but was used as a hunting ground by the tribe to which Manteo belonged, and also by their enemies who lived on the main and were the subjects of Wingina. The name Croatan first appears in the account of Grenville's voyage of 1585. It is there made an island; Lane says that it was an island, and White also bears witness to this; for he says, when describing his discovery of the deserted and dismantled fort: "I greatly joyed that I had found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born and the savages of the island of our friends." From these facts it is perfectly clear that the adventurers believed Croatan to be an island. The map of 1666 is the first to use the name. This and the Nuremburg map make it a part of the banks lying between Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout, perhaps what is now

known as Core Banks, and consequently an island; but later maps have located Croatan on the mainland, just opposite Roanoke Island, in the present counties of Dare, Tyrrell, and Hyde. It is marked thus on Ogilby's map, published by the Lords Proprietors in 1671, and on Lawson's map published in 1709, while the sound between this section and Roanoke Island still bears the name of Croatan. On the Nuremburg map and on the map of 1666 this peninsula is called Dasamonguepeuk. Now we know that in 1587 Manteo was baptized as Lord of Roanoke and Dasamonguepeuk. This title clearly indicates that the Hatteras tribe, to which Manteo belonged, laid claims to the peninsula. They doubtless made use of it for the cultivation of corn, as well as for hunting and fishing, while their principal seat was some eighty miles to the south on the Island of Croatan. The English colonists have left us unimpeachable testimony that they removed from Roanoke Island to Croatan. The Croatan of the early explorers and maps was a long, narrow, storm-beaten sandbank, incapable in itself of supporting savage life, much less the lives of men and women living in the agricultural stage. It is not reasonable to suppose that the colonists would have gone from a fertile soil to a sterile one. It is probable then, that, in accordance with an understanding between themselves, the Hatteras Indians having abandoned their residence on Croatan Island, and the English colonists having given up their settlements on Roanoke Island, both settled on the fertile peninsula of Dasamonguepeuk, which the Hatteras tribe had already claimed and partly occupied, but which they had not been able to defend against enemies. The name of their former place of residence followed the tribe, was applied to their new home, and thus got into the later maps. If this theory is accepted, it is easy to see how the Hatteras tribe may have come into communication with kindred tribes on the Chowan and Roanoke rivers, to which they seem to have gone at a later period. This is one end of the chain of evidence in this history of survivals.

The other end of the chain is to be found in a tribe of Indians now living in Robeson County and the adjacent sections of North Carolina, and recognized officially by the State in 1885 as Croatan Indians. These Indians are believed to be the lineal descendants of the colonists left by John White on Roanoke island in 1587. The migrations of the Croatan tribe from former homes farther to the east can be traced. It is pretty clear that the tribe removed to their present home from former settlements on Black river, in Sampson county. The time of their removal is uncertain, but all traditions point to a time anterior to the Tuscarora war in 1711, and it is probable that they were fixed in their present homes as early as 1650. During the eighteenth century they occupied the country as far as the Pee Dee, but their principal seats were on Lumber river, in Robeson county, and extended along it for twenty miles. They held their lands in common, and titles became known only on the approach of white men. The

first known grant made to any member of this tribe is located on the Lowrie swamp east of Lumber river, and was made by George II. in 1732 to Henry Berry and James Lowrie. Another grant was made to James Lowrie in 1738. Traditions point to still older deeds that are not known to now exist. The tribe has never ceased to be migratory in their disposition. When the main body had settled in Robeson, for many years after scattered detachments would join them from their old homes further to the east, while other parts would remove further toward the west. They are now to be found all over Western North Carolina. After the coming of the white people a part of the tribe removed to the region of the Great Lakes, and their descendants are still living in Canada, west of Lake Ontario. At a later period another company went to the northwest and became incorporated with a tribe near Lake Michigan; within the present year (1890) a party has removed to Kansas.

The Croatans fought under Colonel Barnwell against the Tuscaroras in 1711, and the tribe of today speak with pride of the stand taken by their ancestors under "Bonnul" for the cause of the whites. In this war they took some of the Matamuskeet Indians prisoners and made them slaves. Many of the Croatans were in the Continental army; in the war of 1812 a company was mustered into the army of the United States, and members of the tribe received pensions for their services within the memory of the present generation; they also fought in the armies of the Confederate States. Politically they have had little chance for development. From 1783 to 1835 they had the right to vote, performed military duties, encouraged schools, and built churches —but by the constituent convention of 1835 the franchise was denied to all "free persons of color," and to effect a political purpose it was contended that the Croatans came under this category. The convention of 1868 removed this ban, but as they had long been classed as mulattoes they were obliged to patronize the negro schools. This they refused to do as a rule, preferring that their children should grow up in ignorance, for they hold the negro in utmost contempt.

Finally, in 1885, through the efforts of Mr. Hamiltton McMillan, who has lived near them and knows their history, justice long delayed was granted them by the General Assembly of North Carolina. They were officially recognized as Croatan Indians; separate schools were provided for them and intermarriage with negroes was forbidden.

Their population in Robeson County of school age—from six to twenty-one years—is about eleven hundred. Their whole population in this county is about twenty-five hundred, and their connections in other counties will perhaps swell this number to five thousand. The State has provided them a normal school for the training of teachers, and this action will go very far toward their mental and moral elevation. Their school houses have been built entirely by private means; they are all frame buildings and are provided far better than those for the negro race. They are Method-

ists and Baptists in religion, and own sixteen churches. They are almost universally land-owners, occupying about sixty thousand acres in Robeson county. They are industrious and frugal, and anxious to improve their condition. They are found of all colors from black to white, and in some cases cannot be distinguished from white people. They have the prominent cheek-bones, the steel-gray eyes, the straight black hair of the Indian. Their women are frequently beautiful; their movements are graceful; their dresses becoming; their figures superb, and as voluptuous as houris. Naturally they are quick-witted and are capable of great expansion. One of their number has already reached the Senate of the United States, for Hon. Hiram R. Revels, who was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in 1822, and who was Senator from Mississippi in 1870-71, is not a negro, but a Croatan Indian.

This is the other end of the chain. To connect the two parts and show that the Croatan Indians of today are the descendants of the Hatteras Indians of 1587 and of the English colony left on Roanoke island by John White in that year, we must examine, first, the evidence of historians and explorers on the subject; and, second, the traditions, character and disposition, language and family names of the Croatan Indians themselves. We hear no more of the colonists left on Roanoke island from the time of the departure of White in 1591 until the settlement at Jamestown. There are several passages in Smith's *True Relation,* which, when viewed in the light of other evidence, tend to show that the colonists had not entirely disappeared. Opechancanough, one of the Indian kings, informed Captain Smith "of certaine men cloathed at a place called Ocanahonan, cloathed like me" (Arber's ed., 17). "The people cloathed at Ocamahowan, he also confirmed" (p. 20). Again: "We had agreed with the King of Paspahegh, to conduct two of our men to a place called Panawicke, beyond Roanoke, where he reported many men to be apparelled" (9. 23).

These vague rumors were confirmed by Strachey in his *History of Travaile Into Virginia Britannia,* published by the Hakluyt Society in 1849. Strachey says: "At Peccarecamek and Ochanahoen . . . the people have houses built with stone walls, and one story above another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoak, at what time this our colony, under the conduct of Captain Newport, landed within the Chesapeake Bay." Powhatan had been instigated to his massacre by his priests. Seven persons escaped, four men, two boys, and a young maid. These fled up the Chowan river and were preserved at Ritanoe by a chief named Eyanoco, and, in return for protection, began to teach the savages the arts of civilized life. Strachey came to Virginia as early as 1610 and became Secretary of the Council. His history is put by Mr. R. H. Major, his editor, between 1612 and 1616. It demands, then, all the respect due to contemporary authority. His statements are vague and unsatisfactory, but doubtless contain a modicum of truth. The Indian who was his in-

formant was perhaps in error in regard to the number actually massacred, as other evidence goes to show, but his statements must have been founded on fact. That this report did not reach Jamestown, however, until after the arrival of Strachey in 1610, is evident from a passage in Captain John Smith's condensation of White's narrative for his *General History* of Virginia, where he says: "And thus we left seeking our colony, that was never any of them found nor seen to this day, 1622;" which shows that nothing was known of the fate of the lost colony in 1609, when Smith had given up the search and returned to England.

It seems reasonable to suppose, then, that the colonists who were then alive and some of the half-breeds undertook the journey. They were met with hostility by the emissaries of Powhatan and some were slain; the survivors turned toward the south and rejoined those who had remained in their old homes, as the traditions of the Croatans of today would indicate.

This view of the case is strengthened by two maps recently found in England by Professor Alexander Brown, the author of The Genesis of the United States. These maps throw some light on the subject, and modify the statements of Strachey somewhat, but in the main confirm his account. They were made in 1608 and 1610 by later parties sent out by Raleigh on another search for the long-lost colony. These explorers learned that the chief of the Hatteras or Croatan tribe was named Eyanoco. They learned further that he led the colonists up the Roanoke to a town called Ochanahowan, which is evidently the same as the town called by Strachey Ochanahoen. It is to be remembered, also, that when Lane explored these regions in 1585 he found tribes whose language Manteo could understand without an interpreter, which indicates that the tribe of Manteo bore some relation to the tribes in this section. From the region of the Roanoke, according to the maps, Eyanoco led his followers to a town on the Neuse called Passarapanick, which bears a very close resemblance to the form give in Strachey as Peccarecamek.

It is evident from this testimony that the massacre of Powhatan could not have been as extensive as is stated by Strachey, for the date of the maps is later than the time of the supposed massacre. Strachey himself seems to bear witness that the colonists and their Indian partners were now traveling toward the southwest, and this apparent evidence is strengthened by the direct testimony of the maps.

These maps will strengthen also the testimony of the next historical reference we have to the tribe. This is by John Lederer, a German, who made some explorations in Eastern North Carolina, perhaps in the region south of the Roanoke river, in 1669-70. He mentions a powerful nation of bearded men two and one-half days' journey to the southwest, "which I suppose to be the Spaniards, because the Indians never have any" (beards). Dr. Hawks thinks that these "bearded men" may have been the settlers on the Cape Fear, but we know that this colony was disbanded in 1667. We

have no records of any Spanish settlements as far north as this; and, according to Mr. Hamilton McMillan, whom we have already quoted, the mongrel tribe now known as Croatan Indians were occupying their present homes as early as 1650. The statement of Lederer can only refer to the Croatan tribe.

The next account that we have of the tribe is in 1704, when Rev. John Blair, then traveling as a missionary through the Albermarle settlements. tells of a powerful tribe of Indians living to the south of what is now Albermarle sound, "computed to be no less than 100,000, many of which live amongst the English, and all, as I can understand, a very civilized people." This account is very vague and indefinite, and the numbers are largely overestimated; but it can refer to no other tribe than the Croatans. They were then living southwest of Pamlico sound and they alone had had civilized influences to bear upon them.

The next reference to the tribe is more definite. John Lawson, the historian of North Carolina, while making explorations to the southwest of Pamlico sound met a body of Croatans who were then revisiting their old hunting grounds from their homes lying further to the west, in the present counties of Sampson and Robeson. Lawson interviewed this party and writes as follows in his history concerning them and the Roanoke colony: "The Hatteras (Croatan) Indians who lived on Roanoke island, or much frequented it, tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found amongst these Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices. It is probable that this settlement miscarried for want of timely supplies from England; or through the treachery of the natives, for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them 'for relief and conservation,' and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations, and thus we see how apt human nature is to degenerate." Lawson wrote these words not later than 1709, as his book was first published in that year. It is impossible for the story told by Lawson to be a tradition not founded on the truth, for he wrote within 120 years of the original settlements at Roanoke, and he may have talked with men whose grandfathers had been among the original colonists.

The next witnesses in this chain of evidence are the early settlers in the Cape Fear section of North Carolina. Scotch settlements were made in Fayetteville as early as 1715. In 1730 Scotchmen began to arrive in what is now Richmond County, and French Huguenots were at the same time pressing up from South Carolina. The universal tradition among the descendants of these settlers is that their ancestors found a large tribe of Indians located on Lumber river in Robeson county, who were tilling the soil, owning slaves, and speaking English. The descendants of *this* tribe are known to be the Croatan Indians of today.

We see then that the historical arguments which tend to identify the Croatans of today as the descendants of the colonists of 1587 possess an historical continuity from 1591 to the present time. There is also a three-fold internal argument, based (1) on the traditions of the Croatan Indians of today; (2) from their character and disposition; (3) from their forms of language and family names.

I. *Traditions.* The Croatan Indians believe themselves to be the descendants of the colonists of 1587, and boast of their mixed English and Indian blood. They always refer to Eastern North Carolina as Virginia, and say their former home was Roanoke in Virginia, which means the present counties of Dare, Tyrrell, Hyde, Craven, Carteret, and Jones, and of this residence their traditions are sufficiently clear. They say that they held communication with the east long after their removal toward the west, and it was doubtless one of these parties that was met by Lawson about 1709. They know that one of their leaders was made Lord of Roanoke and went to England, but his name has been lost, the nearest approach to it being in the forms Maino and Mainor. They have a word "mayno," which means a very quiet, law-abiding people, and this by a kind of metonymy maybe a survival of Manteo. When an old chronicler was told the story of Virginia Dare he recognized it, but her name is preserved only as Darr, Durr, Dorr. They say, also, that some of the earlier settlers intermarried with them, and this may explain the presence of such names among them as Chavis (Cheves), Goins (D'Guin), Leary (O'Leary).

II. *Character and Disposition.* These Indians are hospitable to strangers and are ever ready to do a favor for the white people. They show a fondness for gay colors, march in Indian file, live retired from the highways, never forget a kindness, an injury, nor a debt. They are the best of friends and the most dangerous of enemies. They are reticent until their confidence is gained, and when aroused are perfect devils, exhibiting all the hatred, malice, cunning, and endurance of their Indian ancestors. At the same time they are remarkably clean in their habits, a characteristic not found in the pure-blooded Indian. Physicians who practice among them say that they never hesitate to sleep or eat in the house of a Croatan. They are also great road-builders, something unknown to the savage. They have some of the best roads in the State, and by this means connect their more distant settlements with those on Lumber river. One of these, the Lowrie road, has been open for more than a hundred years and is still in use. It extends southwest from Fayetteville, through Cumberland and Robeson counties, to a settlement on the Pee Dee. It was over this road that a special courier bore to General Jackson in 1815 the news of the treaty of Ghent.

III. *Language and Family Names.* The speech of the Croatans is very pure English; no classical terms are used. It differs from that of the whites and from that of the blacks among whom they live. They have preserved many forms in good use

three hundred years ago, but which are now obsolete. They have but two sounds for *a;* the short sound is represented by short, open *o* (Q), as in old English. They regularly use the word *mon* for man;*mension* is used for measurement; *aks* for ask; *hit* for it; *hosen* for hose; *housen* for houses; *lovend* for loving; *faythe*r for father; *crone* is to push down; *knowledge* is wit; and James is called *Jeams.* The strongest evidence of all is seen in their family names. The settlers left on Roanoke island in 1587 were one hundred and seventeen in number and had ninety-five different surnames; out of these surnames forty-one, or more than forty-three per cent., including such names as Dare, Cooper, Stevens, Sampson, Harvie, Howe, Cage, Willes, Gramme, Viccars, Berry, Chapman, Lasie and Chevin which are now rarely met with in North Carolina, are reproduced by a tribe living hundreds of miles from Roanoke island, and after a lapse of three hundred years. The chroniclers of the tribe say that the Dares, the Coopers, the Harvies, and others retained their purity of blood and were generally the pioneers in emigration. And still more remarkable evidence is furnished us by the fact that the traditions of every family bearing the name of one of the lost colonists point to Roanoke Island as the home of their ancestors.

To summarize: Smith and Strachey heard that the colonists of 1587 were in the region of the Chowan and Roanoke rivers about 1607. The explorers sent out by Raleigh in 1608 and 1610 found that the colony had joined the Croatan Indians and removed first to the Roanoke and then to the interior. John Lederer heard of them in 1670 and remarked on their beards, which were never worn by full-blooded Indians. Rev John Blair heard of them in 1704. John Lawson met some of the Croatan Indians about 1709, and was told that their ancestors were white men. White settlers came into the middle section of North Carolina as early as 1715 and found the ancestors of the present tribe of Croatan Indians tilling the soil, holding slaves and speaking English. The Croatans of today claim descent from the lost colony. Their habits, disposition, and mental characteristics show traces both of savage and civilized ancestry. Their language is the English of three hundred years ago and their names are in many cases the same as those borne by the original colonists. No other theory of their origin has been advanced, and it is confidently believed that the one here proposed is logically and historically the best, supported as it is both by external and internal evidence. If this theory is rejected, then the critic must explain in some other way the origin of an Indian tribe which after the lapse of three hundred years shows the characteristics, speaks the language, and possesses the family names of the second English colony planted in the western world.*

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.
Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

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# The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

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[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

## Chapter XI.

THE Jewish religion was, and is, characterized throughout by its *manliness*. So is that of Mohammed. So are those of Buddha, and of Confucius. Robust manhood throbbed with warlike virility in the worship of Odin by our Germanic ancestors. The life of the Teuton was full of the stern joy of battle; and his heaven was a Valhalla of heroic combat—the wounds to heal when the struggle was over, and the feast to follow the fight.

*Manly,* was the earlier Grecian religion. *Manly,* was the earlier Roman creed. *Manly,* was the earlier Assyrian and Chaldean worship.

But as population increased, and luxury superseded the democratic simplicity of the hardy tribes that had founded States, the religion was undermined and infected by the gradual change that was taking place among the people.

Sumptuous living, in splendid palaces, amid voluptuous women, and every sensuous delight, sapped the strength of the race. The empire-builders *went* out, to march, to bear heavy armor, to wield the battle-axe in the very forefront, where none but the brave and the strong could swim the red tide of carnage. Their effeminate descendants, grown soft and weak and insanely proud, *sent* others to the field, while *they* dawdled in the harem; hence, defeat, decay, obliteration.

The story is so old, so uniform, as to be stale and monotonous. We repeat it, with no more emotion than we display when we state that youth, manhood, old age and death are the inevitable stages in the life of the average mortal. What we fail to recognize is, that as ancient peoples have degenerated, their "religions" did. This is so profoundly important a truth that, in the study of the Roman Catholic hierarchy it is a guide, a light, a key with which we cannot possibly dispense. It was not until the Assyrian and Babylonian had ceased to be a stalwart, war-loving *Man,* that he ceased to worship Bel and turned to the woman, Mylitta. Gone, forever gone! was the *robust manhood* of that great race when the temples were converted into assignation houses, wherein every woman—high or low, plain or beautiful—had to prostitute herself, once, for the "glory" of the "Goddess of the Heaven," the "Virgin Mother,"

Mylitta. Gone, forever gone! was the Virtue of that Slate-building people, when the priesthood had inculcated into the Women the hideous belief that it was no sin to serve the "Virgin Mother," by sacrificing to her the Woman's most sacred possession—her chastity.

When the Greeks were *Men* they worshipped the gods of valor, of wisdom, of strength. When they softened into fops, voluptuaries, dilletantes, harem-keepers, they adored Venus. In the holy name of *Love,* they banished it and enthroned *Lust.* And so, the race sunk into sloth and sensuality.

The conquering Egyptians did not worship *women.* They were *Manly,* and they adored the masculine. Not until the grandeur of that people was on the decline did the mysteries of Isis monopolize Egyptian observance. Whenever a nation of antiquity began to neglect the worship of the gods, and to emphasize that of a goddess, it invariably followed that the temple, or the sacred grove, was filled with amorous, lovely girls; and that universal corruption of morals ensued.

In Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," we have a delicately veiled description of the orgies that were practised in one of these sacred groves. A realistic picture of such a scene would be unfit to print. But those indulgences of unbridled and shameless passion were common to the *decay* of every Oriental religion —and this degeneracy of religion was coincident with the decadence of the people.

We lose the thread, if we fail to bear constantly in mind, that practically all, of the ancients faiths were founded on the miracle of sex reproduction. For it *is* a miracle even to us, and must ever remain so. How two globules of a liquid can unite, and reproduce every physical, mental and spiritual characteristic of the male, or the female, or a blend of the two, is a mystery that no human wisdom will ever explain. If it be miraculous in our own eyes, what must it have been to the undeveloped, untutored minds the primeval peoples!

They were awed by it. They recognized it as the Indispensable to Life. The whole world was dependent upon it. Without it, Death would reign supreme. The sceptre of Old Night would stretch over an infinity of dead forests, waterless valleys, sterile plains. Without it, there could be no fowls of the air, no beasts of the field, no fish of the sea; and no babies to hang on human breasts and smile into the eyes of fathers and mothers.

Is it any marvel that poor, ignorant, superstitious Man, surrounded by things he could not comprehend, afraid of the storms that rent the skies, afraid of the voices of the night, afraid of the eclipse and the earthquake, afraid of the awful thing called Death, should come to regard *his power to reproduce his kind,* as the most marvellous and blessed thing that the God of Nature had bestowed upon him?

This being so, *his worship* followed his wonder, his joy, his veneration. Adoring the principle of Reproduction, he naturally paid tribute to the physical organs, by

means of which *the principle* was put into practice.

As delicately as possible, let me explain that the three parts which constitute the genitals of the male were known to Phallic worship as the triad; the female genital was the unit: the outward male members penetrating the unit, formed what was called "the holy four." The conjunction and mutual co-operation of the male and female genitals being necessary to sex reproduction, this coming together of the masculine and feminine organs was the very climax of Phallic symbolism. Emblems of the sexual act were multiplied in all directions. They appeared in public and in private. They were seen by the roadside, in street processions, at marriage feasts, on the bridal bed, on the walls of dwellings, in the market place, and, of course, in all the temples, and on the vestments of the priests.

Not only have relics of this ancient cult been found throughout Europe, Asia and Africa, but in North and South America, also. In certain parts of the world, the male organ is still an object of worship; and an Arab would feel mortally offended if you refused to believe what he told you, *after* he had cast aside his robe and *sworn on his triad.* (So persistent is the custom referred to in the Bible, where Abraham requires that the oath be taken, by placing the hand under his "thigh." The word "thigh," like many others used in the Old Testament, is an euphenism, to avoid a term the translators feared would shock the reader.)

Now, let us come back to the time when the pioneer missionaries of Christ appeared in Rome. Remember, that Peter was never there, at all. A careful perusal of the New Testament and of Peter's own contribution to it, establishes that fact, beyond a doubt.

It was the dauntless, scholarly, persevering and gentlemanly Paul who planted the banner of Christianity on the walls of Imperial Rome. It was Paul, whose labors and whose genius laid the foundations of our religion in the Gentile world. Peter was incapable of the task—temperamentally and intellectually. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" exclaimed Jesus to the very imperfect disciple who was lashed by the very last of the rebukes which his Master mournfully administered before His Crucifixion.

As stated in a former chapter, the Roman Empire had entered upon its decline and fall. The old, *manly* religion of the people was no longer a living principle in the lives of the Romans. They no longer worshipped the Cardinal Virtues. The sensuous rites of the East had become domiciled in the Tiber. Voluptuous maidens assisted the priests, "Religion" moved on the powerful inclination of *Sex.* Men had tired of worshipping ideas, abstractions, the Unseen. They turned to a cult which offered them things that they could see, hear and enjoy. The whole human race was being swept into sensuality, and the burden of its song was, "East, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die!"

It was into this world of carnal abandonment that Paul brought the pure, levelling, self-denying ide-

alistic creed of Jesus Christ. He who who would learn how absolutely different was the beginning of Christianity, at Rome, from its present form, as embodied by the Papacy, has but to study inscriptions, which are yet to be seen in the Catacombs. What Paul planted there, and what the early converts practised there, was the simple, austere religion of Jesus Christ. The indubitable evidence remains written on those underground rocks.

Bear this enormously important fact in mind:

When Christianity evolved an organized hierarchy, mankind had forsaken the gods and had sunk into the wallow of Venus, Isis, Mylitta, Daphne and Mythra worship!

These goddesses were called Virgins. Their titles embraced such variations as "The Mother of the Heavens," the "Queen of the Heavens," the "Virgin Mother," and "Our Lady."

Let us study some pictures, and see whether they can teach us anything:

First, we have the cut of a Virgin Mary and her son, as pictured by a Roman Catholic artist of the Middle Ages. (Cut No. 1.)

Note that Mary is resting on the Crescent Moon, an emblem of virginity. Note that she obscures, or eclipses the sun, which is behind her. Note the aureole around her head; and that around the head of her son—who is being nourished at the right breast. Note that *the crown* is upon *her* head.

CUT No. 1

Could you ask a more faithful representation of the "Queen of the Heavens?" If you were trying to depict Isis, or Mylitta, or the Hindoo mother of Christna, could you

improve on the work of this medieval Catholic artist?

If I can prove to you that the ancient religions represented their goddesses in precisely the same way, what will you conclude?

CUT No. 2

Mind you, the religion of Christ was *manly*. The religion of the disciples was *manly*. The creed planted in Rome by Paul was *manly*. Paul himself was, eminently, a *man*. But you must be *very* obtuse, if you do not see that *the Roman Catholic* religion is womanish. God is kept in the background; the Virgin Mary is kept in the foreground. You hear of Saint Anne oftener than you hear of God. You hear of the Virgin Mary a thousand times to where you hear of Christ, *once*. Is it not so?

Not only would a stranger, a foreigner—knowing nothing of Christianity save what he saw and heard among Roman Catholics—get the impression that the Virgin Mary is the deity most loved and worshipped; but when he saw the priest officiating, dressed in woman's clothes, his mind would immediately revert to the fact that—

*When the ancient priests were performing the rites of a goddess, they arrayed themselves in feminine attire, out of respect for the feminine deity!*

Cut No. 1 shows you how the Virgin Mary was portrayed, not long after the Roman Catholics began to elevate her, on an equality with God. Let us now see in what manner the Hindus represented their goddess, the alleged Virgin-mother Christna. (See Cut No. 2.)

Compare that picture with the Cut No. 1, and note the "startling" resemblance. The aureole, denoting divinity, is around the heads of the mother and her son. As in the Mary portrait, the child is being

CUT No. 3

nursed. Consult Moor's *Hindu Panhteon,* and you will learn that such representations of the Hindu goddess and her son were common in India, hundreds of years before the first picture of the Virgin Mary was painted.

Examine Cut No. 3. Therein you see Isis and her son, Horus. She wears the royal regalia on her head. Her child is being nourished at the left breast. The celestial virgin of Egyptian mythology is variously portrayed in the remains of ancient sculptures, wall-paintings and monuments.

Consult *Ancient Faiths,* Rawlinson's *Herodotus,* and Rawlinson's

CUT No. 4

*The Seven Great Monarchies.* It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that these delineations of Isis and her son were in existence thousands of years before Roman Catholic artists began to portray the Virgin Mary.

Turn, now, to Cut No. 4. This is another picture of the Hindu "Queen of the Heavens," and her alleged virgin-born son. She is seated upon a lioness, emblematic of chastity. The crown is on her head. With her right hand she is making a sign of the cross. With his right hand the child is doing the same thing! (As I have heretofore explained, the cross is almost coeval with the hu-

CUT No. 5

man race, antedating the birth of Christ by thousands of years.)

Cut No. 5 is a picture of a marble statue, found in an Etruscan tomb. These people inhabited Italy prior

CUT No. 6

to the Roman occupancy. Their civilization was one of the most ancient known to history. Recent archeological research appears to prove that they were of the primi-

tive Greek stock. The fact that the statue was placed in a tomb, would indicate that it was of a religious character. If so, we have here another evidence of the universality of the ancient worship of a mother and child.

Cut No. 6 shows you the Etrus-

CUT No. 7

can cross—older by thousands of years than any Christian Cross.

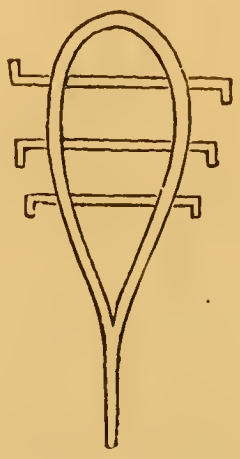
In Cut No. 7, we have "the sacred four" of Phallic worship. The upper-part, looking like a lessening loop, represents the feminine birthplace: the lower part is the masculine triad. The priests of this "re-

CUT No. 8

ligion" wore a garment fashioned after this model. When the head of the priest went through the yon (feminine organ) he symbolized the act of coition which precedes the fertilizing of the womb. In the worship of the principal of Reproduction, there was no indecency in the wearing of this emblem.

But glance at Cut No. 8! There we see a Roman Catholic priest with *his* head stuck through the feminine organ, while the masculine triad reposes peacefully upon his tranquil breast!

Has the Roman priesthood no scholars? Has superstition and *oaths against knowledge, debilitated* and darkened their minds? Is there none among them to point out the absurdity and ludicrousness of their wearing a garment emblematic of sexual intercourse? And they *bachelors,* too! They ask us to believe that their red faces and thick lips, and heavy jowls, and



CUT No. 9

bulgy necks mean nothing at all: they never think evil, and never know the other sex; and yet they go waddling around, in public celebration, wearing the most obscene emblem, of the most profligate of pagan religions! Queer, isn't it?

With Cut No. 9, this chapter must end. The loop represents the vulva: the bars across it signify that it is not to be entered.

It is a symbol of virginity. The priests of the pagan Virgin-mother goddesses used it in the performance of their ceremonial rites.

# Glimpses Behind the Curtain

OF history one may grow tired, but who does not find perennial interest in piquant Memoirs and chatty biographies?

History was ever too stilted to pick up trifles, and yet trifles are often priceless, for they reveal hidden *causes* and unlock the mysteries of events and of character.

History passes along the highway with pageantry, with imposing mein, formal stride and orderly procession.

Branching off from this main historical thoroughfare run the byroads, the quiet lanes, the wandering trails of personal detail, of minor incident, of spicy anecdote, of subordinate episode which shed vivid sidelights upon that stately narrative which travels by the highroad.

It may not be true that the course of time turned upon the length of Cleopatra's nose, or upon the grain of sand in Cromwell's ureter, as Blaise Paschal surmises; but there can be no doubt that a very trivial word, or fact, has often the appearance of being a necessary link in the chain of decisive events.

The assassin who sprang upon the wheel of Henry the Fourth's carriage and thrust a dagger into a fatal spot, certainly changed the political situation of Europe; and it seems probable that the train of events which led up to the murder arose out of the fury of a woman scorned.

The German Empire of today is a mighty product of ambition, ruthless perseverance, and unscrupulous valor; but had not the sudden death of the great Catherine taken the Russian armies out of the field, Prussia would perhaps have been partitioned as Poland was afterwards.

There was a time when France was wavering between Catholicism and Protestantism; and the national faith of the nation hung upon the decision of one man. The woman who controlled Francis the First, at this crisis, fixed the destinies of France.

And whoever the woman was, she, in turn, was putty in the hands of a priest.

The Canadian empire was lost to France because Montcalm could not get supplies. And why could he not get the means of defense? Because the scarlet women of a libertine Bourbon King needed the money. There was not enough in the treasury for the soldiers and the courtiers, too; and therefore the courtiers, being on the ground, helped themselves, leaving the soldiers to suffer privations and the lack of necessary munitions of war.

Edward Lacey, of South Carolina, rode eighty miles to warn the Mountaineer horsemen of the South not to take the wrong road; had his horse fallen with him, as he galloped, the warning might not have been given, and the battle of King's Mountain not fought. Without that victory, Cornwallis would hardly have been forced to retreat upon Yorktown.

* * * * * *

But our purpose is not so much

to show the influence of small events over large results as to emphasize their significance in revealing motive, giving insight into character, and modifying by personal detail the historical portraits of great men.

The George Washington of the battle-field, of the council of war, of the Cabinet, of the parlor and the public place is sufficiently familiar to most Americans; and a grand historical feature he is; but for my part I could not thoroughly understand him, or feel that he was human, like the rest of us, if the Memoirs and biographies had not told us how he "cussed out" Gen. Chas. Lee on the field of Monmouth, swore at the prankish boy who was speeding his favorite horse and broke the gun of the poacher whom he caught prowling in the Mt. Vernon marsh.

Then when we find him laughing till he cried as the British officer sang that funny, naughty song, and hear him call for it to be sung over again, we warm up to him mightily, —he is behaving like a man and not like a demi-god.

Could we ever understand Henry Clay if we confined ourselves to historical and partisan biography? What do such books tell us of the *man?* Mighty little.

A "gentleman gambler" pretty much all of his life, a hard drinker for many years, profane and overbearing from first to last, yet warm-hearted, gallant, dashing, proud, fearless, and, with all, a very tricky, selfish, calculating politician who did his country a vast deal of harm.

Somebody asked Mrs. Clay if her husband's gambling did not worry and trouble her.

"Oh, no," she said, "he almost always wins."

To see Henry Clay in the Senate is to see personal dignity personified; go with him to a country dance and you will hear him call for a reel, and when the fiddlers do not happen to know the tune he will whistle it to them until they learn it.

Stanton in his "Random Recollections" tells this anecdote:

"In the stormy days of John Tyler, while Webster was Secretary of State, and Rufus Choate was in the Senate, and Congress was in extra session in the Fall of 1841, the question of chartering a United States bank was shaking the country. Mr. Clay, as chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate, was pressing the measure, and Tyler was resisting it. A conference of leading Whig Senators was held. Clay, with lofty mein, was for waging relentless war on the accidental president, who had stepped into the White House over the dead body of General Harrison. Choate again and again told what Webster thought ought to be done. Clay was restive, and exclaimed, 'Who cares a d—n about what Webster thinks?' ".

Henry A. Wise, in his "Seven Decades," gives a graphic description of the manner in which Clay took the news of his defeat for the Whig nomination in 1840.

"In the very hour of his defeat he was sitting in a room at Brown's Hotel, anxiously waiting to hear of his nomination. He made most singular exhibitions of himself in that moment of ardent expectancy.

"He was open and exceedingly profane in his denunciations of the

intriguers against his nomination. We had taken two Whig friends of our district to see him; and after they had sat some time listening to him, in utter surprise at his remarks, full of the most impudent, coarse crimination of others, in words befitting only a barroom in vulgar broil, of a sudden he stopped, and turning to the two gentlemen, who were dressed in black and both strangers to him, he said, 'But, gentlemen, for aught I know, from your cloth you may be parsons, and shocked at my words. Let us take a glass of wine!' and, rising from his seat, he walked to a well-loaded sideboard, at which, evidently, he had been imbibing deeply before we entered.

"Thereupon we bowed and took leave. One of the gentlemen, after retiring, remarked, "That man can never be my political idol again;' and from that time to this he has ceased to admire him. In a short time after that he (Mr. Clay) went across the avenue to the parlor of his boarding house, where he awaited the arrival of his two personal friends, on the night of the nomination at Harrisburg, to bring him the news of the final proceedings and choice of the Whig Convention.

"We went to the depot and got the intelligence of the nomination of General Harrison and Mr. Tyler, and hastened back to him with the news. Such an exhibition we never witnessed before, and we pray never again to witness such an exhibition of passion, such a storm of desperation and curses. He rose from his chair, and, walking backwards and forwards rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse string-halted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming, 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them!' He mentioned the names of several, invoking upon them the most horrid imprecations, and then, turning to us, approached rapidly, and stopping before us, with violent gesture and loud voice, said, 'If there were two Henry Clays, one of them would make the other President of the United States!' "

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In the "Memoirs of One Hundred Years," Dr. Edward Everett Hale labors to remove the impression that Daniel Webster got drunk. In the innocence of his noble heart, Dr. Hale states that he saw much of Webster and that he never saw Webster drunk.

Alas! he did get drunk, nevertheless. And he had little idea of honor in financial matters; and it *was* disgraceful for him to pocket, annually, the pension contributed by those New England capitalists whose interests he was furthering in Congress. The Senator who would now openly do such a thing would be ostracised. Senators still receive pay from the special interests which they slavishly serve, but the bribery does not, nowadays, take the form of a yearly pension.

Ben Perley Poore in his "Reminiscences" relates:

"An amusing account has been given of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Webster at a gathering of his political friends, when he had to be prompted by a friend who sat just behind him, and gave him successively phrases and topics. The speech proceeded somewhat after this

fashion: Prompter: 'Tariff.' Webster: 'The tariff, gentlemen, is a subject requiring the profound attention of the statesman. American industry, gentlemen, must be—' (nods a little). Prompter: 'National Debt.' Webster: 'And, gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid (loud cheers, which rouse the speaker); yes, gentlemen, it should be paid (cheers), and I'll be hanged if it shan't be—(taking out his pocketbook)—I'll pay it myself. How much is it?' This last question was asked of a gentleman near him with drunken seriousness, and, coupled with the recollection of the well-known impecuniosity of Webster's pocket-book, it excited roars of laughter, amidst which the orator sank into his seat and was soon asleep.''

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Perhaps the vainest, most pompous of all our public men was Thomas H. Benton. His conceit was colosssal. In fact, it was so majestic and overpowering that, as one of his biographers says, it assumed the proportion of a national institution. Mr. Roosevelt, wrote a ''Life'' of Benton in 1886, too soon to make use of this delicious anecdote which Mrs. Clement C. Clay relates in her charming book, ''A Belle of the Fifties,'' published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1905:

''A handsome man in ordinary attire, the great old author and statesman was yet a more striking figure when mounted. He rode with a stately dignity, quite unlike the pace indulged in by some other equestrians of that city and day; a day, it may be said in passing, when equestrianism was common. Mr. Benton's appearance and the slow gait of his horse impressed me as powerful and even majestic, and often (as I remarked to him at dinner one evening) there flashed through my mind, as I saw him, a remembrance of Byron's Moorish King as he rode benignly through the streets of Granada. He seemed gratified at my comparison.

'' 'I'm glad you approve of my pace,' he said. 'I ride slowly because I do not wish to be confounded with post-boys and messengers sent in haste for the surgeon. They may gallop if they will, *but not Senators!*' ''

Oh, heavens! What would the Honorable Tom have thought of *a President* who rushes away from a Cabinet meeting to gallop, leap the bars, etc., while the camera man makes snapshots at the Presidential horsemanship?

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That brilliant, outrageous scold, John Randolph, of Roanoke, is always interesting, but much more so in the Memoirs than in the histories. Here is the way Ben Perley Poore describes him:

''He used to enter the Senate Chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone: 'Tims, more porter!' and the assistant doorkeeper would

hand him a foaming tumbler of potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a Senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams 'a traitor,' Daniel Webster 'a vile slanderer,' John Holmes 'a dangerous fool,' and Edward Livingston 'the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs.' One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, a Senator informed him in an undertone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully emptied the vials of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence, and asked, 'Is Mrs. Taylor present also?' "

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Do you admire Charles Sumner? He was a great scholar, a great orator, and the histories do him full justice. If you would see into the nature of the *man,* you must dip into Col. Pond's book, "The Eccentricities of Genius."

"Charles Sumner was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. After I had got back from Kansas, and visited my father's home in Wisconsin, father said to me: 'James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to speak at R—. We must hear him.'

"So we arranged to go. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. My father never spoke of him without giving him his title. He had enjoyed that speech immensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father occupied a front seat with the intention of rushing up to the platform and greeting him by the hand when he was finished, but the Honorable Charles was too quick for him. He disappeared, got to his hotel, and nobody saw him.

"Father said: 'James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to Milwaukee tomorrow morning, and we can ride with him a part of the way.'

"We were on the train early the next morning, and so was the Honorable Charles Sumner. He was sitting reading in the drawing-room car.

"Father stepped up and said: 'The Honorable Charles Sumner? I have read all of your speeches. I feel it is the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has just returned from the Kansas conflict.'

"Honorable Charles Sumner did not see father nor his son, but he saw the porter and said: 'Can you get me a place where I will be undisturbed?'

"Poor father! His heart was almost broken. During his last twenty-five years he never referred to the Honorable Charles Sumner."

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In the enjoyment of Memoirs and Reminiscences you must not be lulled into the error of indiscrimi-

nate credulity. You must sort and sift and compare authorities, and thus out of much conflict of testimony arrive at a just conclusion. For example, take this story which we find in the Reminiscences of Ben Perley Poore:

"General Grant was very positive in demanding that all officers of the Confederate army should enjoy their liberty. Among those of them who had been imprisoned by order of the Secretary of War was General Clement C. Clay, an ex-United States Senator from Alabama. He was taken ill in prison with asthma, and his wife came to Washington to solicit his release. She went to President Johnson, and he gave her the necessary order, which she took to Secretary Stanton. Stanton read the order, and, looking her in the face, tore it up without a word and pitched it into his waste-basket. The lady arose and retired without speaking; nor did Stanton speak to her. She was filled with despair. She saw her husband, in whom her life was wrapped up, dying in prison, and she was unable to help him.

"Soon afterward she was advised to call on General Grant, who ascertained by consulting his roster of the Confederate Army that her husband was a Brigadier-General, then wrote an order directing his release, under the Apomattox parole, on giving the required bond, and added: 'I shall see that this order is carried out.' Having signed the order, he gave it to Mrs. Clay, who the next day presented it to the Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton read it, then touched his bell, and when an officer appeared, handed him the order, saying: 'Have that man discharged.' "

That *sounds* veracious, and the facts stated do faithfully illustrate the character of the persons concerned. But the story is not true. If you will read what Mrs. Clay herself says about it, in "A Belle of the Fifties," you will learn that the order of President Johnston was respected, and that she herself telegraphed the release to Fortress Monroe that night. General Clay was liberated even previous to the arrival of the formal order, and General Grant's powerful aid was not invoked at all. It is true that Stanton did urge the President to have Ex-President Davis and General Clay put to death, and he would not countersign the order of release, but he did not tear up the order.

* * * * * *

Does *history* tell you anything about the manner in which the great Marlborough stood behind the chair of the petty Prussian King, acting as menial, and protesting that the honor of doing so was too great for him? No; history is too dignified to notice trifles like that; and yet this adroit flattery had a mighty influence upon the course of events. The Prussian King was so captivated by the humility of the English General that he granted the Englishman's plea for *the use of Prussia's fine troops* in the war against France!

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Can you believe that the Duke of Wellington would be equally complacent to gain his point?

Read what Sir F. H. Doyle says in his "Reminiscences:"

"I recollect hearing from my father an anecdote told him by the Duke himself, in his own character-

istic language, one day when he was dining at the Apsley House. We learn from it, with what contemptuous indifference this great man pushed aside all considerations of personal dignity—false personal dignity, as he thought it—if they stood in the way of his duty to England. 'After the battle of Talavera,' he said, 'I wanted the Spanish force to make a movement, and called upon Cuesta to take the necessary steps, but he demurred. He said, by way of answer, 'For the honor of the Spanish crown I cannot attend to the directions of the British General, unless the British General go upon his knees and entreat me to follow his advice.' 'Now,' proceeded the Duke, 'I wanted the thing done, while as to going down upon my knees I did not care a two-penny d—n, so down I plumped.' ''

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You know all about Martin Luther, don't you? The histories are full of him and his great work, the Reformation.

But if you would know the mental state of Luther, and that of the leading men of his time, you should read his ''Table Talk.'' One or two paragraphs will go far toward showing you the vast difference between the current beliefs among learned men of that day and ours:

''There was at Nieuburg a magician named Wildferer, who, one day, swallowed a countryman, with his horse and cart. A few hours afterwards, man, horse, and cart, were all found in the slough, some miles off. I heard, too, of a seeming monk who asked a wagoner that was taking some hay to market, how much he would charge to let him eat his fill of hay? The man said, a kreutzer, whereupon the monk set to work and had nearly devoured the whole load, when the wagoner drove him off.''

August 25, 1538, the conversation fell upon witches who spoil milk, eggs, and butter in farm-yards. Dr. Luther said: 'I should have compassion on these witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. 'Tis said this stolen butter turns rancid, and falls to the ground when anyone goes to eat it.'

''Dr. Luther discoursed at length concerning witchcraft and charms. He said that his mother had to undergo infinite annoyance from one of her neighbors, who was a witch, and whom she was fain to conciliate with all sorts of attentions; for this witch could throw a charm upon children, which made them cry themselves to death. A pastor having punished her for some knavery, she cast a spell upon him by means of some earth upon which he had walked, and which she bewitched. The poor man hereupon fell sick of a malady which no remedy could remove, and shortly afterward died.''

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Of course you have read Boswell's Johnson, or Macaulay's famous Essay, but here is an anecdote which illustrates the learned Doctor and his times so perfectly that it is worth preservation. It is found in Rae's ''Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox.''

''The King's early aversion to Fox was intensified after the latter became the champion of Dissenters. In those days the intolerance of

Churchmen towards their fellow-Protestants, who conscientiously differed from them in particular opinions, was alike extraordinary and discreditable. It was glorified in as a species of loyalty. The forms under which it appeared were innumerable. This is one witnessed by Lord Eldon during a visit to Oxford: "I had a walk in New Inn Hall garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbor's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighborly. 'Sir,' said Sir Robert, 'my neighbor is a Dissenter.' 'Oh,' said the Doctor, 'if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away as hard as you can.' "

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Sometimes when you would like to study a really great speech—you who see so many in print that are *not* great—turn to Henry Grattan's speech on *Tithes*. Few English orations equal this and none surpass it in the perfect mastering of the subject. Grattan was gifted with a higher order of intellect, culture and oratory than any of the Irish tribunes, and in character he soared above them all. Unselfish, consecrated to his country, he was altogether a higher type than Curran and more heroic than O'Connell.

For many years he was prince of orators in the British Parliament, after having been the bright particular star of the Parliament of Ireland.

This much the histories will tell you; but if you would know how it all ended you must go down the lane to *Memoirs*.

"The old statesman lingered upon the stage too long, and one night when he rose in his place and addressed 'Mr. Speaker!' he rambled in his speech, grew tiresome, and lost the ear of the House. Members began to cough. In Parliament the tiresome orator is 'coughed down.'

"As the coughing grew in volume, old Grattan stopped. His face fell and his voice changed. He said to the Spkear, 'I believe, sir, they are right,' and sat down."

We find this touching incident in Crabbe Robinson's "Diary."

# The Official Record as to the Origin of the R. F. D. System

In 1892, there was a law establishing the free delivery of rural mail; but the P. O. Department construed this to mean towns and villages, *out in the country*. To men like John Wannamaker, who were reared in big cities, like Philadelphia and New York, a small town of a couple of thousand inhabitants, looked "rural" enough to fulfill the requirement of the law in favor of "rural free delivery."

So it stood until I was sent to Congress. In the long session of 1892, I endeavored to amend the P. O. Appropriation bill by the in-

sertion of a mandatory clause, making it the duty of the Postmaster-General to use some of the money in experimenting with the free delivery of mail, *outside* of cities towns and villages.

At this session Lon Livingston tried to do the same thing. We both failed.

Then the November elections came on. Livingston was re-elected: I was thrown out. We both went back to the short session, which expires by law on 4th of March. Livingston did not renew the fight for a truly rural R. F. D. I did, and with success.

The official Record, as quoted by the late Senator Clay in the U. S. Senate, on Feb. 23, 1903, shows that, on Feb. 17, 1893, the following running discussion was taking place on the floor of the House, in consequence of my having offered the amendment to the P. O. Bill a second time:

"For free delivery service, including existing experimental free delivery offices, $11,254,943, of which sum $10,000 shall be applied, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, to experimental free delivery in rural communities other than towns and villages."

Mr. Holman: I reserve a point of order on that amendment.

Mr. Watson: This reduces the expenditure provided for in the bill.

Mr. Henderson of North Carolina: I desire to reserve a point of order.

The Chairman: A point of order has already been reserved.

Mr. Watson: Mr. Chairman, the paragraph under consideration provides for the expenditure of $11,254,943 for free delivery service. My amendment reduces the amount of that expenditure and simply directs that the Postmaster-General shall apply $10,000 of the appropriation to experimental free delivery in rural communities.

Mr. Loud: That is already provided for; the gentleman will accomplish nothing by his amendment.

Mr. Watson: It is not provided for in rural districts other than towns and villages. There is no experimental service in rural communities other than towns and villages.

Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey: You mean "truly rural."

Mr. Watson: Yes, sir; the real country.

Mr. Holman: I think there is some misapprehension as to the law on this subject. I would like to ask the gentleman from North Carolina in charge of this bill what the existing law is?

Mr. Henderson of North Carolina: There is no law on the subject providing for rural free delivery or experiments in that direction. There is a law which provides for experiments in small towns and villages, and forty-eight of these now have free delivery. That condition is preserved in this bill, but no provision is made for rural free delivery.

Mr. Watson: The present law provides for an experimental delivery in rural communities; but as I understand it—and the chairman of the committee, the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Henderson), makes the same statement to the House—the law has been construed to mean cities, towns, and

villages, and there are now in operation experimental free deliveries in certain towns and villages.

The law expressly provides for rural communities, and it seems to me where the general laws make such provision there is no hardship in taking a small amount from the appropriation, only $10,000, and appropriating it for experimental free delivery in absolutely rural communities; that is to say, in the country, pure and simple, amongst the farmers in those neighborhoods where they do not get their mail more than once in every two weeks, and where these deserving people have settled in communities one hundred years old and do not receive a newspaper that is not two weeks behind the times.

"The amendment was adopted by a vote of 79 ayes to 41 nays."

On the first vote, the amendment was voted down. I changed the resolution slightly, debated it further, secured another vote, and won.

Ex-Senator Marion Butler, who claims to be the "Father" of the present R. F. D. system, did not become a member of Congress until several years afterwards. It was the *third* appropriation for the R. F. D. that Butler passed through the Senate.

Your special attention is called to the fact that Chairman Henderson notified the House that *there was no law which then required what my amendment was intended to have the Government undertake.*

In short, my amendment was new legislation—the small beginning of a great system which blesses millions of my countrymen.

# *Going Out*

*Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.*

*Upon the threshold, looking out*
*Into the night,*
*At death's dim door you stand alone,*
*Stricken with fright.*

*You who have jeered at human fear,*
*At love and hate,*
*Shrink now before the final test*
*Of unproved fate,*

*In what may serve your cynic's pride,*
*Your sneering doubt,*
*As thus you face the great divide,*
*Going out?*

*You have driven other men*
*Beneath the rod,*
*Are driven sore, and fear at last*
*To meet with God!*

# A Neglected Phase of Domestic Missions

A. W. Elliott

(With Introductory by T. E. W.)

A MOST praiseworthy mission work is that to which young Mr. A. W. Elliott, of Georgia, is consecrating his life.

He seeks to rescue fallen women from the social hell into which they have sunken. He is well fitted for the work and is intensely earnest about it. In connection with it, and as a necessary instrumentality, he is publishing *The Rescue Magazine* in Atlanta, Ga.

You could not devote your charitable contributions to a nobler purpose than this.

I can vouch for Mr. Elliott; and I urge you to lend him your moral and financial aid.

He is not buying negro girls in Africa; he is trying to save white girls here at home.

In his magazine for June he gives an account of the manner in which he works in the dives, in his efforts to rescue.

The horrors he has seen he depicts under the head of "Her Complete Blight," which we reproduce from his magazine.

Before taking up the main issue, the one thing which we claim to be the most fruitful cause of a blighted life, and of blighted hopes, we want to talk about a few things which are less horrible but nevertheless very important adjuncts toward the completion of the utter ruin of these human souls.

First, we mention the blasphemer, who takes God's name in vain without any regret, forethought or afterthought. You have, with withering disgust, listened to the man who in anger rages and in his mad fit, plays with the Holy name of his Creator as if 'twas naught. You have noticed how degrading the influence of such a man is upon the lives of young boys. We have heard boys less than twelve years old making use of the vilest language.

We step aside here, by way of parenthesis, long enough to call your attention to a certain evil that is painfully alarming; that is extremely appalling. To the man or woman who has the future welfare of our country at heart, to the man or woman whose heart yearns and burns for the future welfare of society, to the man or woman who wants our nation to grow in favor with God, to the man or woman who is taking an optimistic view of the social conditions of our country today, the revelation of this evil will be a shock. It is the growing habit of profanity among a large number of our girls and young women. Especially is this true of many girls in cities and in colleges where they are gathered together in large numbers. I have made a careful study and investigation along this line and I am fully convinced of this sad truth. I have on a number of occasions listened with my own ears to girls make use of words that were painful to hear and would make the heart of anyone sad who had daughters themselves.

Now those who have at heart the future welfare of our country, can readily see that the existence of this evil is a direct blow to our country; striking right into our homes, and undermining the very foundations of our government; for these young women are to be the mothers of future generations.

Those who have the welfare of society at heart, can likewise see what a tremendous blow is landed on our social life by this evil, because these very girls are to be the builders and

maintainers or the destroyers of society for generations to come.

The man or woman who wants our nation to grow in favor with God, will be able to perceive that (if the statement I have made is true) our nation is on a downward plunge spiritually, speeding as it were with the swiftness of a comet, to certain ruin. I do not feel that I have been seized with sentimental feelings in looking into these conditions or that I have become unduly alarmed. I have made this a special study for several years and have quietly and calmly reached these conclusions. I would much prefer taking the opposite view but I can not, and at the same time do justice to my convictions.

The men or women who are taking an optimistic view of the conditions of our country spiritually, as well as socially, are by these statements, at least, given food for thought; and if a quiet investigation will be made you will be able to verify what I have said.

Oh, if we could impress upon young girls the fact that the use of improper language is among the first steps downward, which leads to this life of complete blight which we are to talk to you about!

Coming back to our subject, profanity, as an adjunct to this life, we tell you that these unfortunate creatures are as profane as profane can be, no language is too vile for them.

The next important adjunct to this life of misery and shame is strong drink; and this alone, without the addition of other dissipation, is sufficient to blight a life, the life not only of the victim but of his loved ones. We can no more fittingly describe the blight caused by strong drink than by using an article written by Tom Watson, entitled, "The Wine Cup"; we give it to you for what it is worth, leaving you to judge.

"It is the warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tent at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the North where the Grand Army of Napoleon found its winding-sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah, 'Rachel crying for her children and weeping because they are not.'

"It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms it devastates, and in every charge which it makes its cry is, 'No quarter.'

"Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame, and go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument; to its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

"The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say, 'brother,' and history says 'brother.' Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

"Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience,

and becomes glutted with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience; its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

"The sword is the lieutenant to death, but the wine cup his captain; and if ever they come home to him from the wars bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victories of each, his pean will be 'The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

As we approach the subject for discussion words are inadequate to express true conditions. Should I try to tell you of the grandeur of the Niagara Falls, I could never do so in comprehensive manner. Should I undertake to describe to you how the water is rushing and tumbling headlong over rocks with ever-increasing swiftness from Lake Erie to the Falls, and how that in great volumes it pours over the Falls, as well as I remember, at the rate of a million tons per minute, and how that it is precipitated hundreds of feet below, and how the deafening roar of the waters is ever maintained, I would be unable to give an adequate description. You would have to see it to understand.

I hope you will pardon me for illustrating, but these are fitting; and I feel that I must use them, as 'twill help you to understand.

Should you take a trip from the North Pacific coast to Winnipeg, you would go over the very backbone of the Canadian Rockies, the grandest natural scenery, to my mind, in America. We are carried higher and higher at every turn of the wheels, and across deep canons and yawning abysses, and around sharp cliffs until we have reached the very summit of this chain of mountains, away above the snow-white clouds and right amid the snow-capped peaks. Here is a meal station and our train stops twenty minutes for dinner. In the dining-room was a big roaring fire. This was in summer. But if you would be able to grasp the magnitude and magnificence of the handiwork of Almighty God in the fashioning of these mountains, you must see them for yourself. Likewise the beautiful valley of California with its ever warm sunshine, its myriads of beautiful flowers and shrubbery, is beyond description. In the early Spring, from February to June, this valley is one veritable garden of beautiful flowers and shrubbery from Sacramento to Los Angeles, a distance of over 500 miles; and for mile after mile and hour after hour, as we speed along, our eyes can feast upon these beautiful flowers, and upon this one vast expanse of grassy lawn, which slopes away to the foot of the towering mountains in the distance; but to comprehend, you must see for yourself.

My friends, as it is true that you will not be able to understand and appreciate these scenes unless you see for yourself, I pledge you that likewise it is true that you will not be able to conceive of the horrible life of a girl of the underworld, lest you also see with your own eyes.

Our subject for discussion is a big one and covers a broad field; touching every city from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from Canada to the Gulf, and throughout the world. Never to my mind, did there exist such a sad condition of affairs in any walk of life, as hovers over and enshrouds this tragic life. We have traveled much, and have seen many people in the different walks of life. Have looked upon the drunkard in the gutter, the gambler as he is playing you for your last dollar, the blasphemer as he makes use of God Almighty's holy name as a child would play with a toy, the highway robber as

he faces you with that murderous look; indeed these do make one shudder, but it does not so much as even touch the horrible conditions, as I have found them, among women and girls of the underworld.

It is not to be understood, however, that we are discussing this condition of affairs altogether from a viewpoint of the present. In the analysis of our subject, we are taking into consideration the welfare of the soul, as well as social conditions. In fact, it is the ultimate outcome of the kind of life that these unfortunate creatures lead that completes the tragedy in all of its details. So, in presenting "Her Complete Blight," it will be necessary that we deal with her future life as well as her present. We want to show to you and prove to you that the three hundred thousand girls and women now occupying houses of dishonor in the United States are not only completely ruined from a social standpoint, but that nearly all pass out of this life without hope for a future abiding place. We want to show you as best we can that during the past twenty-five years nearly a million and a half of mothers' girls have gone down like an avalanche through this one channel of ruin and destruction. Can you comprehend it? Will you stop for a moment and consider those near and dear to you, launched into such a consuming pit of degradation and shame? Does it not seem to you extremely tragic?

Let us take into consideration these three hundred thousand girls. We will show you now what becomes of them.

There are in the United States about one hundred Rescue Homes. These homes average ten girls each per year, making one thousand in all, or five thousand in five years. We use five years as a basis to figure from, as this is the average length of life of an outcast girl. Now of the five thousand girls that these homes handle during the five years, only twenty per cent. are real scarlet women; and the 80 per cent. are largely country girls who have made a mistake and are there to hide their disgrace, after which they are restored in most instances back to their parents.

Now if we will deduct this 80 per cent. from the five thousand which these homes handle during the five years, we have left one thousand girls out of the three hundred thousand which die in houses of dishonor. This means that only one-half of one per cent. of this three hundred thousand girls have been redeemed.

Now the horrors of this awful kind of a life are complete in every detail no matter in what part of the country she is located; whether New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, or some small village. Yet in a great city like New York the opportunities for carrying the crime to extremes are much greater; and the operation of the business reaches such proportions as are almost beyond belief, and are certainly unprintable.

Yet, if you will follow us in your imagination we will take you on a trip through New York City, i. e., through the principal dives and low resorts.

We are stopping at the Broadway Central Hotel (this is located away down town, and Broadway at this end is practically deserted after 7 p. m.); after supper we take a Broadway surface car going north and get off at Thirty-fourth street. Here we are surrounded by numerous theaters and the surging crowd is all about us, going hither and thither. We may spend our time for two or three hours standing around on the corners watching the great mass of humanity, studying faces, or we may go into some of the numerous theatres.

At 11 o'clock we go into a certain uptown dive. We pay 35 cents admission fee; once inside we find ourselves within the gilded walls of one of the most notorious dives in that entire section of New York.

Here we must be very careful or we might be taken in, and find ourselves sleeping the sleep that never wakes. If we are not wise we had best stay away from such places. Even those of us who are up to the dangers and pitfalls of such places are not entirely safe here at a late hour; but we take chances, believing that God is with us, and stay within this den of ruin until about 3 a. m.

Many, many girls are all around, seated about the little tables drinking wine, beer and whiskey, some coming in and some going out nearly all the while. We appear wise to everything. If we are uninitiated to such things or occasions we must not let it be known. We walk right along to a vacant table and take a seat just as though we had been there hundreds of times. Once seated, we are approached by one of the many polite men waiters, who asks what we will have to drink—this means that we must give our order for something. Now we place an order for beer. The waiter smiles, bows low, and hurries out; presently he returns with our order on a glittering silver waiter, empties the contents of the bottles into the dazzling cut-glass tumblers. Now, we do not drink, so we just leave it sitting on the table before us. We hand the waiter a dollar bill and just tell him to keep the change (this tip he expects).

During the meantime we take a look around and note the many pale-faced but beautiful girls of from about sixteen to twenty-five years of age. A great many are seated with men whom they have picked up, or caught, as we may term it, and a great many are seated alone and in groups. As we look around our eyes meet the gaze of many girls, one or more will smile at us and plead with her eyes for an invitation to come over with us. We pick out one whom we think we will be able to impress, and bow our head; she gets up and comes over, takes a seat close to us and asks that we buy her a drink. This we are compelled to do if we wish to have opportunity to speak to her about her soul.

Now the waiter is ever on the watch-out, and as soon as we catch the girl he comes up and asks what we will have. We place an order for whatever she wants, and then begin to talk to her about her soul. Here she looks at us much surprised, because maybe it's the first time since she left her mother and her home that she has had anyone to speak to her thus.

Maybe she will listen to us five minutes, or maybe she will out with an oath and leave us; if she gives us five minutes, we tell her of Jesus and His love; maybe she will tell us a sad story of her downfall, and that she has long since given up the idea of ever turning back. Maybe she will thank us for the talk, maybe she will not.

This girl soon gone, we catch the eye of another one, and motion her over. We do not spend any more money as our means will not permit of it, but we try to keep her for a minute without money. Possibly a dozen words are all we get to speak before she leaves.

This game we keep up until about 3 a. m.

Now by this time a man comes over near us and looks into our eyes with an indescribable, murderous look that pierces our very soul; but we must pay no attention to him. If we are green we had better appear wise. Don't you follow us to such places if you are liable to become alarmed or excited. You must keep your nerve. Once we let it appear that we can be bluffed, why, the chances are that our hours are numbered.

Now, maybe this murderous looking man is a "pimp" of one of the girls to whom we have been talking about her soul, and she has put him on to us. This enrages the man (who is absolutely devoid of all honor, and is lower and meaner than any highway robber that ever lived); and should the least

opportunity present itself he would take our life as freely as he would take a drink of water. Our money, in reality, is what he is after; and if he does not get it through the girl, he will get it through the employment of dopes or knock-out drops. It is not wise for us, after we have been found out as Christian workers, to even drink a glass of water here, as this "pimp" may tip the waiter and have us drugged.

Now, a "pimp" is a man who is being supported by a woman of this character. For some reason or other, he has her in his grasp; maybe she is afraid of him. She can not escape if she were to try. He would murder her.

So these "pimps" are sitting around watching their girls, and if she gets $5 or $10 she must give it to him. Oh, the horrors, the horrors! How I would that I could blot them from my memory.

Maybe the girl whom we are talking to now is young and beautiful, and just falling into this revelry. Maybe the next one will be pale and wan, and with her dull eyes she tries to impress us that she likes us.

Now this is as far as we can carry you here; and we must tell you that the picture in all of its hideousness has not been painted in anything like its true colors. It is impossible to do so.

Now we leave this place at 3 a. m., and as we walk out we find but few people on the streets. Those whom we find are, in all probability, cut-throats and robbers. We hurry along towards Broadway, keeping our eyes on those about us, and ever on the alert. Once we reach Broadway we are safe and no more danger need be feared. (There are as many people on this great thoroughfare at this hour as are on the streets of Atlanta at any hour during the day.)

We go to our hotel and retire for the night, and we kneel to pray. Out of our stricken and bleeding heart, we ask God to bless the words that we have spoken to those whose lives are so ruined; whose blight is so complete.

But, we must, if we can, dismiss the horrible picture from our minds so that we may get some sleep and be ready for another trip tomorrow night.

Another night has come and we take a trip down in the Bowery, where all the notorious and low resorts and dives are located. Here, if it were possible to do so, the picture could be painted in more vivid colors, for here are the slums of New York. The poor, the wretched, the miserable haunt the streets and dives of this section of the city.

For block after block, and for hundreds of blocks the surging mass of humanity goes, dirty, poor, haggard and scantily clad. We come to a dive and enter; this dive is similar to the one we were in the night before, except that it is many degrees lower in character. It's a cheap dive where the filthy congregate.

Oh, we can not describe it to you—the drinking, the cursing and the vile language made use of by the boys and girls. Possibly fifty boys and girls are found here, mostly of an age from fifteen to twenty, and as we look into the faces of these poor drunken girls, who ought to be in their mothers' arms, we are horrified and our hearts ache. And as we realize that the chances of reformation for these outcasts is only one-half of one per cent., the horribleness of the picture increases, and we are almost made to wish that we might turn back to our childhood and forget the scenes.

Oh, if we could draw the veil here and show you behind the scenes, you could better understand why her blight is so complete; but we can not. We can not take you behind the scene.

Now, we leave here and go to another dive further down, and another, and another, until nearly dawn the next morning; and what horrible scenes we have witnessed.

Oh, the city! The city! With its many opportunities for good and its many opportunities for evil. It is so easy to go to ruin in a great city; and we would tell young girls and young boys to stay away from the city. The lives of many girls and many boys have been eternally ruined and their hopes ever blighted by going to the city.

Now, the next night we will carry you down to Grand street, just off the Bowery, where so many of these young lives begin this downward career.

We find ourselves 'mid many cheap private dance-halls. We pay fifteen cents admission fee. Here we will stay for awhile, and watch the boys and girls as they swing themselves around on the waxed floor. Maybe a young girl who has never yet taken a drink will be coaxed into taking a glass of beer. Then the music begins and another round of dancing is indulged in. Thus we watch them until away after midnight.

Oh, the many pitfalls that are ever ready and awaiting to catch a sweet innocent girl, and plunge her into everlasting ruin.

But coming back to our subject: To my mind (and I speak from a long and varied experience from associating among them), the life of an outcast girl is the most tragic, the most deplorable, and the most heart-sickening that it is possible to conceive. From the very moment that she enters upon this degrading career, until she closes her eyes in eternal sleep, her life is one continual round of excitement, of dissipation, of revelry. Day after day, night after night, week after week, month after month, and year after year (if perchance she should live a year) she spends her time within the gilded walls of disgrace, of shame, and of eternal ruin. How complete is her blight!

The curse of the bar-room places the blight upon thousands and tens of thousands; and the cold and heartless grip extends to the homes of the victims of drink, where the wife and little ones are made to suffer for the necessities of life. But all of these may be temporary. The drunkard may go on a week's tour in his madness with drink, and then for a time be the very essence of kindness in his home; thus smoothing over for a season, the sorrow and gloom which he had cast over his loved ones. Thus you can see that the blight of the wine-cup is not complete, but partial; then, too, the victim may pick himself up and be again a man. He has fifty chances to her one.

Frosty nights may come in the late Spring and smite the grass, the beautiful flowers, the green leaves of the trees, and in short all vegetation. Storms may come and sweep millions of dollars' worth of property away from us. Fires may destroy the houses in which we live. Drought may smite us and prevent the making of crops. Any or all of these disasters may come, and yet the result be only temporary. The grass and flowers and all vegetation would, under the influence of the sun's warm rays, put forth again. The houses destroyed be rebuilt, and the wealth again accumulated; but the blight upon the life of an outcast girl is lasting and eternal. Once the fangs of immorality are fastened upon her, her blight is almost certain to be complete from every view-point; her soul, as well as her body, must suffer for this misspent life. How many girls do you know today who are living pure lives, who once occupied houses of dishonor and shame? I dare say that you know of but very few, if indeed any. I know of a few, only a few.

Where under Heaven is a blight more complete, more prominent and more lasting than it is upon the young woman? She steps from the parlor of her father and mother, a pure girl, into the depth of degradation and shame, a wreck. Picture, if you please, a young girl near and dear to you, with beautiful features, sweet smile, loving and

winning ways, with a heart full of sympathy and kindness, trustful and confiding; I say, picture her transformed into a being with distorted features, bloated eyes, pale face and painted cheeks, vile lips, vile thoughts and viler deeds, and see if you can draw a faint idea of her complete blight.

Oh, the many hundreds I have seen weep for a wasted life, but they seem to be bound and chained to such an extent that they can not break loose. If you had followed me during the past five years into the slums of the many Southern cities, and into the notorious segregated districts in New Orleans, where there are twenty square blocks of these unfortunate creatures, and if you had gone with me into the dives and low resorts in New York, and had you listened to the stories of regret and disappointment that I have listened to from thousands, and if you had looked into the pale faces and listless and meaningless eyes of the many thousands that I've been brought face to face with, and had you listened to the curses and abuses that have been heapen upon me by some, and the threats that have been made upon my life, and of the drunken condition which I have often found them in, you would say that truly words are inadequate to describe her blight. You would be made to say that the blight was complete. Had you listened to my pleadings with a certain girl whom I visited many times, and whose appealing eyes would touch a heart of stone, and had you heard her beg me to pray for her, saying that she wanted to give up but could not, and how that she pressed my hand and thanked me every time I went to see her, and how that she told me that something seemed to hold her there, and that a little later one night this unfortunate young woman was hurled from an automobile and instantly killed, you will be able to have a faint idea of why I love this work. You could then understand why the sad plight of these unfortunate wrecks is lying so heavily upon my heart.

If you could have followed me the many times that I went to see another young woman in a certain Southern city for about a year, heard me plead with her, and how long it was before she could yield herself to my entreaties for better living, and for preparation to meet her God, and how that finally she succeeded in breaking away from this death-like grip the devil had upon her, and how that I saw her converted to a Christian life, and that in just six weeks thereafter this poor wrecked form yielded to death; and could you have looked into her pale but beautiful face as she lay still and cold in death, you could better understand why I love them; and why I am pleading their cases.

Oh! how many times have I wished that I might turn back to my childhood days and forget the experiences I have had; forever blotting them from my memory.

Oh! how my heart is burdened when I think of my past experiences, then of my own two little girls, then of what the future may bring; then of how I am separated from them, and when in my pensive hours how I have longed for the time to come that I might know that they are safely landed in that home beyond the skies; then when it seems that I can stand it no longer, and that my heart seems to be bursting, something seems to tell me that if I help other girls, that somehow mine will be cared for.

Then again when my life companion tells me that I am with her so little, and that she can not understand why I must do this kind of work instead of staying at home with her and the children, and when I explain to her as best I can how this cause is, in some manner, placed so heavily upon my heart, and she turns away still without understanding, then it is that my cup

of bitterness seems to be running over, and I ask God to help me; He, and He alone, can understand.

If you had heard the many hundred tell me that I was the only one who had ever called upon them in the interest of their souls, you can better understand why I've determined to spend the balance of my days in an effort to help them.

If you knew how little interest I have been able to create to the world at large on behalf of these neglected ones, you would be better enabled to sympathize with me. There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars sent to foreign fields to convert the heathen, when right under the very sounds of our voices, within the very shadows of our homes are thousands of mothers' girls sinking down and out into everlasting and eternal ruin with no hand outstretched to help them.

The scarlet woman, of all classes of sinners, stands pre-eminently alone; shunned and neglected. I can imagine that when she meets death, this grim reaper must, with quivering lip and aching heart, turn aside ere he could look upon this weather beaten form; this crushed flower.

As we close we want to sound a note of warning to the young:

If you had seen the heart aches, the tears, the disappointment, the pain and suffering that I have witnessed among those who have wasted their lives in this manner: Had you witnessed the scenes where she's weeping for a wasted life, you would pray that your eyes might be closed in eternal sleep, ere you would take the step that so everlastingly wrecks, so completely blights.

# *Love*

*Edward Addison Hughes*

*Too meek its royal birthright to assume,*
*The wild-flower lives in field and quiet glades.*
*The kiss of morn bepearls its wondrous shades—*
*The breath of Eden lingers in its bloom—*
*Soft as the break of dawn, with sweet perfume,*
*Each passing breeze and hov'ring wing it lades,*
*Then fruits the field and woodland ere it fades,*
*To live again, to gladden and illume.*

*So Love survives. No tomb the heart can hide*
*Within its lowly bed in quiet rest.*
*Love lives, and passing, lives; its eventide*
*A beacon strong, undimmed and unreprest.*
*Adown the world's long ages to abide,*
*Through the unceasingness of Love's bequest.*

# What Frank H. Hitchcock Has Done for the Letter Carriers

Edward J. Gainor
(In The Postal Record)

ON March 16, 1905, Frank H. Hitchcock was appointed First Assistant Postmaster General. In September of the same year, the National Association of Letter Carriers held their Sixteenth Convention at Portland, Oregon. For the letter carriers of the United States these two events possess especial significance.

At the Portland convention, this Association had met to consider the welfare of their membership and to discuss grievances in their craft, which they intensely felt they suffered. It was a discouraging prospect that confronted them. The world had been moving but the letter carriers' vocation had not. Their salary had experienced no change in practically twenty-five years. With the exception of the eight-hour law, enacted twenty years previously, the working conditions remained the same as when men now grown gray had first entered the service. Promotions for merit were rare and so difficult as to be almost impossible. "Once a letter carrier, always a letter carrier," had become axiomatic.

This convention deliberated long and earnestly over conditions in the letter carrier service and then wisely instructed its newly elected Board of Officers to seek relief from existing conditions by appealing direct to the Post Office Department. These instructions were obeyed, and so fruitful has been this policy that the National Association of Letter carriers have since never swerved from it. Here it is that our relations with Frank H. Hitchcock began and still continue. The history of the National Association of Letter Carriers and the history of the postal service for the past six years can not be written without according an important place in its volumes to the activities of this capable man.

Under the leadership of President Holland, on December 2, 1905, the first audience with Mr. Hitchcock was secured, and to the representatives of the carriers Mr. Hitchcock outlined his policy.

The aim of the service should be efficiency. Waste should be eliminated. A constant stimulus should exist to urge employees to give their best talents to their work. Some inducement should be offered to win and retain the best men in the service. Carriers should be better paid. The various branches of the service should be drawn closer together, and transfers from one department to another made easy. The highest office in the postal service should be within the reach of the deserving employee. Substitutes should share in the general uplift. Where it was not inconsistent with the best interests of the Department, the convenience of the employee was to be considered.

This was the policy of Frank H. Hitchcock as outlined by himself, shortly after his induction into office. Let us pause here and ask ourselves, "Was not this a sound philosophy? Would not the American people approve it? Would not the letter carriers as a unit endorse it?" This was six years ago, and let us now see to what extent this policy has been translated into law. Has the deed squared with the word? Have the useful workers in the postal service prospered under Frank H. Hitchcock?

For the purpose of comparison, and because I am more familiar with it

than any other office, I will cite the postoffice at Muncie, Ind., as evidence to show what changes these six years have wrought. This is an office of eighteen carriers and three substitutes, serving 33,000 people and is a fair type of cities of its class. Here is what we find:

Six years ago the maximum salary for letter carriers was $850 per annum.

Now it is $1,200.

Six years ago carriers received fifteen days' vacation.

Now they are granted seventeen, eighteen and nineteen days.

Six years ago, carriers worked every Sunday.

Now, no Sunday work.

Six years ago, carriers swung daily.

Now, no swings, and continuous morning and evening schedules.

Six years ago, holidays for the carriers was largely a myth.

Now, residence delivery is practically discontinued.

Six years ago, carriers made early morning and late evening collections.

Now made by auxiliary service.

Six years ago, substitutes received $1.65 for vacation work.

Now they receive $2.40 per day.

Six years ago, special delivery letters were carried by messenger.

Now delivered by substitute. Figures furnished by substitutes show that since this change was made the average wage for substitutes in this office is $14.75 per week.

Six years ago the assistant postmaster was selected from the ranks of the civilians.

Now our present assistant postmaster was promoted from the office force and is protected by the merit system.

In six years one carrier has been promoted to post office inspector, one transferred to post office clerk, and two to railway mail clerks.

In six years civil service has been strengthened, the law against campaign contributions rigidly enforced and pride in the service has displaced discontent.

In six years the door of the Postmaster General's office has swung freely open to the carriers and a representative of the Department has met us at every State convention.

Here are the tangible results of six years of the administration of Frank H. Hitchcock, as an executive in the Post Office Department, as indicated by one of the 1,500 free delivery offices in the country.

With the exception of the larger offices, whose maximum salary six years ago was $1,000, and the smaller offices who have not yet reached the $1,200 maximum, this standard of advancement has been shared alike by all the carriers in the service, and in reviewing it, I challenge comparison with any other craft of any kind, anywhere and at any time. It is not the purpose of this article to minimize the part that contributing factors have played to make this remarkable record, but a survey of these concessions will reveal that many of them are a matter of Departmental regulation and not statutory law.

But, while these are the benefits we now enjoy, let us not forget that all the recommendations of Frank H. Hitchcock have not become laws.

He has urged that Postmasters be placed under civil service and that this position be opened to employees in the service through promotion. Time and again he has recommended thirty days' vacation. He has favored the retirement of superannuated employees. He has advised that a fund be set aside to reward inventors in the service whose device has been accepted by the Post Office Department. He has recommended that the Government bond postal employees with a fund created for that purpose. He has recommended that letter carriers be compensated for injuries received during performance of duty.

Unparalleled as has been the progress of the letter carriers since Mr. Hitchcock took charge of their department, other branches of the service have shared in the general advancement. While the average salary of the letter carrier has been increased from $895 to $1,070 per annum, that of the post office clerk has risen from $854 to $1,051. Rural carriers with a salary of $1,000 per annum, effective July 1, 1911, now receive $871.

Beginning last year, an appropriation of $250,000 for travel allowance for railway postoffice clerks was made and increased this year to $769,000. The indemnity for death of a postal clerk killed while on duty has been doubled. When Mr. Hitchcock became Postmaster General, there were twenty steel and steel underframe cars in the service. Now there are 500 and an agreement with railroad officials, reinforced by Congressional statute, marks the passing of the wooden railway postoffice car.

This is the story of Mr. Hitchcock's relations with the employees of the postal service in six years as First Assistant and Postmaster General. By men as familiar with the facts as the writer maybe this article will be read. They will know whether he has set out a true report or not. They understand what courage and capacity it has taken to stand sponsor for these innovations and any insinuation that they are not honestly appreciative is a libel on their intelligence and gratitude.

But it is not fair to view the postal service from the standpoint of the employee alone. It is the people's department. It must be judged on a higher plane than merely a satisfied working force. A dangerous benefactor would he be who would befriend the employees at the expense of the service. And yet the test of success in public business and private business is not the same. In private business an enterprise is a failure if it does declare dividends; not necessarily so in public business. The debates in Congress as well as the utterances of previous postmasters general reveal that the desires of the people in this business are:

First. Efficiency and usefulness of the service.

Second. Cost of the service.

Third. Compensation and well being of employees.

As judged by this policy, how has the Post Office Department fared in the past six years? Has its efficiency been maintained? Has its usefulness kept pace with progress? Has it the confidence of the people? Much could be written on this subject, but the recent agitation for closing of postoffices on Sunday gives the most complete answer to this question.

On this proposition, the sentiment of the people was tested in every part of the United States and everywhere the answer was the same. Whether in Detroit or Birmingham, in New York or San Francisco, the almost unanimous verdict of the people endorsed this innovation. Scarcely one patron out of one thousand opposed it. Can the reader think of any proposition, anywhere, that was as favorably received? Would this have been so were the people dissatisfied with the service they were receiving? Could this have been true if the people did not take pride in the postal business and desired to make it a model industry? Certainly not. The introduction of the postal savings banks again indicates the growing usefulness and efficiency of the Post Office Department, and the insistent demand for their introduction shows better than any argument how complete is the confidence of the people in this branch of the Government.

More than this, the clamor for a parcel post, an agitation that will not down, reveals a determination on the part of the people to still broaden the activities of the Post Office Department.

In the matter of cost, a few words tell the story. When Mr. Hitchcock became Postmaster General he found a deficit of seventeen million dollars. Last year it was nine millions. This year it will be nothing.

And when we remember that in a business totaling $209,000,000 last year, that under Postmaster General Hitchcock's regime, wages of employees have been increased $11,000,000 annually, that the usefulness of the service has grown, that the working conditions of the employees have improved, and an annual deficit of $17,000,000 has been wiped out; when we remember all this, we can not help but marvel at the magnitude of the performance, and we will scan the field of all industry in vain to find a parallel of administrative efficiency.

"To be great," said Emerson, "is to be misunderstood." History teaches the unvarying lesson that he who changes the established order of things will win the intense opposition of every special privilege he would disturb, while movements for the uplift of mankind most often meet with the indifference or the opposition of those who were most to be benefited. It is well then, while this evolution in the greatest of all public utilities is proceeding on its way, for the privates in the ranks to bear witness that they know and they understand. They know and understand that Frank H. Hitchcock is practically and capably directing the Post Office Department for the nation's benefit, and they know and understand that the welfare and well being of the employees will keep pace with the service as long as he directs it.

# The Crimson Eyes of the Cajan's Gold

Julia Lester Dillon

CHUCK, chuck," said the engine, "Swish, swish," said the water as the little government launch swiftly sped through the green waters of the Bayou Boeuf.

"My God, what a country!" said Dr. Nelson, from his seat in the bow.

"Give me Cuba, every time," put in Dr. Gates as he looked over the fields and far away.

"Me too, boss; this ain't no country fitten for white folks to live in. If it ain't one thing the matter, 'tis another. 'Fore God, you couldn't give me no land in this here lonesome Bayou Boeuf prairie."

"What you talkin' 'bout, nigger? This ain't nothing like that place som'ers up there whar we's goin' whar there ain't no folks like our folks at all. Ain't nobody there but jes' them French Cajans and Dagoes. They can't none of them talk even white folks talk—don't know nothin' but jes' crazy French talk," said the black man who made the fourth member of the relief party sent out by the Chief Surgeon in charge of the yellow fever situation in Louisiana, when a telegram was received saying: "Send supplies at once. People starving at Pointe Aride, Bayou Boeuf."

Early in the morning the rescue party of immunes had started out, with Dr. Nelson in charge. They expected to reach the Pointe at noon and return to the city in the afternoon. It was now noon and they had not yet sighted any of the landmarks which the negro guide had told them they might expect.

The launch was loaded with the necessary provisions, its emergency cases of medicine, ice and supplies for the four men on board, who hoped to be able to return to the city at once, but who were prepared to stay an indefinite time, in case the situation required it.

Lunch was eaten in silence. The heat of the August sun was too fierce to make even the slightest exertion a matter of comfort. The chuck, chuck, of the gasoline engine was the only sound that broke the stillness. The earth seemed like a fiery oven covered by a dome of burning glass, whose rays of white heat made the dancing waves that rose from the surface of the green water mock the occupants of the boat. The passing of the launch cut the brown and green scum of the water, but the incoming tide was not of sufficient strength, thus far from the bay, to sweep the refuse from the tangled mass of weeds and briers that lined the bayou banks. The weary trees listlessly hung their drooping heads, the heavy portage of gray moss, borne at other times with delicate grace, seemed to be more of a burden than they could now bear. The shadow cast by the dark green water oaks, and the dank red cypresses fell black and forbidding, and added another note of melancholy to the desolate scene. The glimpses of the fields which occasionally appeared through the breaks in the foliage, showed them to be deserted and forsaken. Not a sign of life broke the monotony of the desolation. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday" was the only presence which was felt.

"Chuck, chuck," said the engine; "swish, swish," said the water, but not another sound fell on the ears of the listening men, and even the solitary buzzard which rose high in air, black and forbidding, was as silent as the rest.

Cabin after cabin of the "habitants" was passed, with never a stray chicken to indicate that once they had been occupied. The yellow fever had driven these ignorant Acadian Frenchmen from their homes on the bayou banks, for they feared that contagion might lurk in some chance passer-by. The trains which passed some twenty miles away, had been stopped at the point of a rifle, the provisions brought from the railroad station had given out, the always meager supply of the corner grocery store had been sold until the last kernel of coffee was gone and the last pound of flour had been made into bread. The rice was not yet ripe, the old crop was exhausted. Therefore, it was either death from starvation or yellow fever. Which should it be? Neither, if it depended on Dr. Nelson.

Just when the desolation was most pressing, when the silence was of that kind that tries men's souls, when the two negroes were ready to turn back and say that they could not find "Point Aride," above the chuck, chuck of the motor, and the rushing of the water, a cry as of a human being in distress was borne to the ears of the party. Nearer and nearer it came, until at a signal from Dr. Nelson, the boat was brought to a standstill at a point of land, just at the foot of a little knoll on the top of which stood a rude hut of rough boards, from which the cries of distress came.

"That man is suffering," said Dr. Nelson, "no one in his senses ever uttered sounds like that. Listen!"

Through the stillness came the broken wail of a soul in mortal agony. The words were Cajan French, but the hearers knew the patois well enough to understand that the man was crying:

"Bring me a priest. Regard the eyes. Blood on the gold—look! look! there they are! See them! There! There! God's eyes; cover them up. They are crimson eyes. Red eyes—like blood."

Dr. Nelson turned to the man who had been his companion on many hazardous trips, and said:

"Gates, you go on to Point Aride,

deliver the supplies, see if there are many cases of fever there, and if not come back for me as soon as you can. If you have to stay there, send the boat back for me."

"How long do you think it will take us to make the run?" said Dr. Gates.

"How far is it now?" Dr. Nelson asked the negro guide.

"Lord knows, boss; we ought to have been there a long time ago."

"Water, water," came the voice from the cabin on the bayou bank. "Take the gold. Where is the priest? Look—they are laughing at me—look—they are laughing at me! Look! They shake their fists at me. Look!" screamed the lonely "habitant," until the voice trailed away into incoherent mutterings.

"Go, and be in haste. This poor fellow must have the fever and been deserted by everybody. I must stop for humanity's sake and see if I can do anything for him."

The motor started, the engine began to thump, and then again the silence was broken by the chuck, chuck of the launch and the swish, swish of the water.

The doctor stood for a moment and watched his companions out of sight, for, on account of a sudden turn in the channel the boat was lost to view at once. Leaving the ice that he had told one of the negroes to put on the bank, he quickly passed up the well-worn path through the weeds and mounted the four steps of the rude stile which was the only entrance to the yard of the cabin. The barbed wire fence was barrier sufficient to keep the animals in and out also.

When the doctor reached the top of the stile, he stopped and looked around him. With his medicine case in his hand, his strong face browned by the warm sun of the tropics, his well-knit figure was the incarnation of energy, efficiency, power; and the slovenliness of the surroundings, the rudeness of the cabin, the absence of any attempt at comfort or beauty, or any evidences of care, the abandonment of desolation made a contrast most marked.

The cabin was built of pieces of planks, which from the watermarks, must have been brought down the bayou in the time of high water. The chimney was rudely plastered. The roof was covered with rusty sheets of iron, evidently the cast-off remnants of some more prosperous neighbor. Everywhere primitive living arrangements, and the neglect that comes from sickness and desertion, made a scene which stamped itself on the doctor's mind as dreariness personified. Through the break in the trees that grew only on the bayou banks, he could see far across the prairie, and for many, many miles, here a little cabin, there a little hut, showed the homes of the Cajan "habitants" of that prairie region. All were deserted. Not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere—only parched and burning fields, that stared upward to the pitiless burning sky. The heat devils danced in the sun, and even their presence was a relief from the absolute stillness.

For a moment only, the quiet figure stood silhouetted against the sun and sky, then stepping down the other side of the fence took the few steps which brought him to the cabin door. The scene outside was depressing enough—was still enough, was repulsive enough, to daunt even the bravest spirit, but inside the cabin door was such loathsomeness as is indescribable. Deserted by his friends and family, if he had any, on a rude cot made by his own hands, lay a man, burning with the plague. Everywhere were the evidences of his vain attempts to find comfort. Through the wide cracks in the uncovered walls came the rays of the summer sun, while the batten windows and the wide-open door provided entrance for the millions of flies that swarmed around and over and on everything. The cot on which

he lay was covered only with a worn quilt, which had been woven on one of the hand looms still in use among the Cajans. Once attractive, now it was filthy and stained with the black vomit of the yellow plague. His body was covered with only a gingham shirt and trousers of the same goods. Loathsome, burning with fever, now screaming with delirium, and anon quietly lying in an almost comatose condition. If ever a hand was needed to minister to another in distress, it was there.

Quietly going to the side of the sufferer, Dr. Nelson gently touched the fevered brow. He recognized at once that it was the yellow fever and through neglect had developed into its most malignant form. That there was no chance for recovery was evident. The only thing that could be done was to make the poor fellow as comfortable as possible and see that he did not die alone.

First, he went to the edge of the bayou, where the ice had been left in the shade, and bringing it back to the cabin, cracked some of it and putting it into the only cup that was in the hut, fed it bit by bit to the dying man.

The cool touch of the ice to his parched lips seemed to bring his senses to him, and opening his eyes, he asked:

"Are you the priest?" the question being put in the Cajan patois.

"No, I am only the doctor," answered the surgeon.

"Bring the priest," screamed the man, the doctor's answer by its disappointment unbalancing the almost worn-out brain.

"Give the priest the gold. The gold. I no want it. The gold has eyes. Look! See the dago's eyes. There—there—in the corner!" and springing from the cot, he crouched as if to jump, but the little strength he had was exhausted by the effort to rise and he fell senseless to the floor.

The doctor with difficulty raised him, and straightening the cot, and his scanty clothes, placed him upon it again.

"Water! water! give me water!" he cried in a moment or two. "Not blood —water—water—God! I burn in hell and not a drop of water! Give water —not—blood! Why you give me blood to drink?"

Feeding him with ice the doctor finally quieted his ravings enough to allow him to administer an injection of some soothing medicine, and the sufferer fell asleep.

While he rested, the surgeon removed the refuse from the cabin and burned it. He emptied the water barrel that stood by the door, and formed the breeding place of thousands of the mosquitoes, which he knew were the only conveyors of yellow fever. He returned to the hut just in time to see his patient open his eyes, without the vacant stare of the delirious, but with the light of reason in them.

"Will you give my gold to the priest?" was the startling question that greeted him, and made him doubt if he was not mistaken as to the light of reason being in his patient's face. A calm survey of the features convinced him that the man knew what he was saying, so he answered:

"What gold do you mean?"

"My God, don't you know? 'Tis the dago's gold."

"Where did you get it?" the doctor said.

"Jo Breaux, the Syrian dago peddler give it me," he answered, with an expression of cunning akin to insanity on his face.

Immediately the slender chords of reason and memory seemed to snap, and he ran into incoherence, mumbling:

"Jo, my friend—Elidia, she love Albert—he rich—me poor—poor—Jo, my friend, he make me rich—he give me gold—red gold—gold with blood on it. Jo, he get killed, he go home dead." Then stupefaction overcame him.

"Look! Regard! Eyes—eyes of God

—Jo's eyes—there—there—in the corner! Look!" he screamed out again in a short time.

Going to the corner to see if there was not something which if removed would quiet the poor fellow's ravings, the doctor found only the end of a canvas bag, such as is used to carry currency in, half concealed by the broken stones of the fire place. He drew out the bag and in doing so the coins in it jingled as only gold and silver coins do. Startled and surprised by the heaviness of the bag, and the quantity of money it contained, the doctor looked at the man on the cot.

His eyes were open now, and with firmness he said:

"Doctor, give it to the priest."

"Tell me the story," demanded the doctor, thinking it would ease the burdened mind to tell it to some one.

"No, you tell—me want priest—Father Roquet. He no tell," and shaking his head he turned his face to the wall.

The doctor looked at him as he lay with his arm thrown over the bundle of rags that served as a pillow. The strength of manhood that had once been his portion was his no more, but the muscles that could be plainly seen, told their own tale of hard, hard, manual labor. The grime of the fields was still on his hands and feet, but the face and neck, which the doctor had bathed, gave token of having once been full of manly beauty. The unkempt hair and beard of softest brown, was of silken fineness, and the eyes were lustrous and even now, with the glare of fever in them, were not lacking in beauty. The big brown eyes and the soft, fine hair were the only heritage of gentle blood that had come down to him.

Turning again to Dr. Nelson and showing that his strength was fast ebbing away, by the difficulty with which he enunciated, the Cajan said:

"Me kill Jo one night on prairie—me get gold—God's eyes look at me from sky all time—Jo, he my friend—me want gold, marry Elidia—Albert he go marry with her. Gold—got blood on it—got eyes on it—God's eyes all over prairie. Regard—there, blood on the gold—Jo's blood—give it to priest. Give me absolution. I die. Oh, God—my friend, Jo—Jo's eyes—they—" then his voice grew weaker and weaker and stooping to hear, the doctor could just make out, "Follow—me—follow—me—hell."

The silence of death settled on the hut on the bayou bank, and the dying man looked up into the doctor's face only once more to stay: "Give priest—ab-sol-ve-me."

Dr. Nelson walked to the door of the hut, as if the breath of disease and crime was too heavy for a mortal man to bear. He remembered reading in the papers of the murder—or suicide—of the Syrian peddler, whose little blue wagon was a familiar sight to the "habitants" from whom he made his living, taking orders for the enlargements of photographs into crayon portraits of atrocious workmanship, but much admired by the Cajans. The pictures ordered by many of his friends had been delivered and collections made, and it was believed that he had a large sum of money with him as he started in to the railroad station where he had made his headquarters. But, when the Cajan pony was found standing at the door of the stable, there was no Jo Breaux in the wagon.

Searching parties started out, and found the body, lying in the pool of his own blood near the bridge across one of the coulees, several miles from the town. There were no evidences of a struggle, no money could be found—only the dead man with his own stiletto in his heart. Placed there, as the doctor now knew, by the treacherous hand of his friend. The stars which shine in the midnight sky, must have been the "eyes of God" about which the Cajan

raved. Full well the doctor knew that the Cajan habit of keeping a light burning through all the hours of the night, makes the prairie look as if the stars had fallen to the earth, and the idle fancies of the conscience stricken man, had found them his silent accusers, until pestilence and death had claimed him for their own.

"Chuck, chuck, chuck," said the gasoline engine of the launch long before it turned the point and came into view. The doctor waved to the men, and they came up to the cabin.

"Take your spades, Jess, and you, Tom, dig a grave and let us bury this body at once," was the command given.

Into the quickly-made hole, lime was put, the body was wrapped in the coverlet from the cot, and lowered into the grave.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said Dr. Gates, as he crumbled some earth and let it fall into the open grave.

"God rest his soul," said Dr. Nelson. The negroes filled it in with the earth, placed a board to mark the head and foot, and then proceeded to pile into a heap everything that could be burned about the premises. This was soon done, fire was started and just as darkness covered the earth, the little party took its place in the launch to return to civilization once more.

In Dr. Nelson's case was a canvas bag which he would deliver to the priest with instructions to use it in caring for the sufferers by yellow fever in the Cajan homes.

"Chuck, chuck," said the engine; "swish, swish," said the water, but the flames that lighted the sky and brought into view the lonely spot, seemed to hesitate about making a sound. Soon, however, this timidity was overcome and roaring and hissing they mounted skyward. Waiting only to see that the destruction would be complete the boat went forward with full speed and soon there came to their watching eyes only a lurid reflection against the sky to tell to at least one of the number that the Cajan's expiation was complete.

# *"The Prince of Peace"*

*Jos. S. Barnnell*

*All-mighty Dollar of thee I sing!*
*Of all thy sovereign power,*
*Mine ears attend thy quickening ring,*
*I need thee every hour.*

*Thou rulest the pulpit, the press and stage,*
*Our National Lord of host!*
*"First in war and first in peace,"*
*Is he that gets thee most!*

*For thee all creeds commercialized,*
*The universal plan,*
*"In God we trust;" (But the dollar first)!*
*Is "The Brotherhood of Man."*

# Campaigning With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

## Chapter XII.

### Back on the Old Firing Line—The Rapidan

HAVING, after two years of severe schooling and high-priced experience, at last brought the Federal horse of the Army of the Potomac up to a stand of efficiency and being considerably in excess in numbers and vastly better in equipment and appointment than its adversary, the commander of the cavalry of the Potomac Army now kept up considerable friction with the same arm of the service of its opponent, striking quite frequently at exposed positions.

On September 20, 1863 most of the batteries of the horse artillery of Stuart's division were bivouacking at and near Locust Dale in the fork of the Robertson and Rapidan rivers, as the pasturage was fair in that section. On the 21st, General Buford, with his division swung loose from the right of General Meade's army for a forage upon the extreme left of the line of the Army of Northern Virginia. Detouring well to his right, he consumed the most of the day in marching and maneuvering for a surprise attack upon the left of the Confederate line.

On the 22d, Hampton's old First Brigade, depleted by the fierce Gettysburg campaign to less than 1,000 effectives, held the Confederate left. Buford moved steadily, and Stuart strenuously tried to stem his advance at Jack's Shop, and with mounted charges attempted to check Buford's progress. Failing in these, he dismounted a portion of his command with but little better success.

While thus contending with Buford, Kilpatrick brought his division upon Stuart's left and gained possession of the wall in Stuart's rear, cutting him off from the ford at Liberty Mills. The crack of the sharpshooters betokened the approach of battle. The horse artillery horses were pasturing when the sound of the guns advised the cannoneers there was something doing. Hastily the cannoneers and drivers caught up the horses and harnessed and hitched up.

As the enemy advanced rapidly, there was some confusion in the batteries. The Jeff Davis Legion moved toward the sound of the firing to interpose between the unprepared guns and the enemy. This command had not proceeded far before it encountered the advance of the enemy. Mounted skirmishers were moved to the front and on the Federal uncovering the timber, the crack of a gray trooper's carbine emptied a Federal saddle. This one casualty caused a halt and further maneuvering, which enabled the horse artillery to extricate itself from its perilous position and secure advantageous positions on the hills on the hither bank of the Rapidan. That one casualty on this part of the line that caused a "stay of proceedings," may well be classed as a "lucky shot," for that delay gave the batteries time to get from out of the *cul du sac* and into effective position where their fire became of immense service to Stuart.

When Stuart was apprised his rear was seriously threatened, he attempted to withdraw from Buford's front. But Buford, in the present parlance of the street, was "on to his game" and declined to be thus abruptly left, and pressed upon Stuart with considerable vigor.

It looked like Stuart had been at last trapped. He had led his men into

and out of some exceedingly dangerous positions. Here he was, with but a fraction of his command with a division of comparatively fresh Federal cavalry assaulting him in front and one in his rear. The battle was brought within the compass of an open field, near the centre of which a little hill gave position for some of the Confederate artillery. The scene was now extremely animated. Stuart's artillery from this hill was firing in both directions and within sight of each other, his regiments were charging in opposite directions. If Kilpatrick could have maintained his position, Stuart must at least have lost his guns, but two regiments were directed against him and compelled him to relinquish his hold on the road and retire in the direction from which he had advanced.

"One of these regiments charged, mounted, up to the fence, behind which Kilpatrick's men were dismounted, threw down the fence in their faces and cleared the road for Stuart's retreat," writes Maj. McClellan.

Having effected this, Stuart withdrew rapidly from contact with Buford and crossed the ford at Liberty Mills. The artillery which had been extricated from the near-trap at Locust Dale now barked lively in the face of Buford, and finding his quarry beyond his reach, that officer gave up the attack. Kilpatrick, meantime, had proceeded down the left bank of the Rapidan and that night, under the bright light of the harvest moon, bivouacked at Harrison's farm.

That night there came an epoch in this writer's military career that may permit him to trespass upon the readers of these articles.

Reference was made in the preceeding chapter to a tart engagement between Pleasanton and Stuart in the suburbs of Culpeper, wherein the writer's horse was killed and himself slightly wounded.

On the 21st, one of Hamilton's scouts returned from a venture upon the enemy's front and advised the writer if he would go with him he felt satisfied he could levy upon the blue cavalry for mounts for both of them. A day or two before he had investigated the enemy's pickets and located a post on the Hazel river. That night he cautiously advanced until he came upon a mounted viditte. In low but determined words he said: "Surrender and get off that horse!" His pistol had the business end toward the blue trooper, who seemed not to have comprehended the demand—probably thought some of his men were trying a practical joke on him. He, however, attempted to draw his pistol when McIlwaine fired, sending a ball through his body. He made a grasp for the horse's bridle with his left hand at the same time, but the flash and report of the pistol caused the horse to wheel and flee to the rear. The riderless horse quickly roused the picket reserves and they promptly distributed along the river bank. Scout McIlwain had to unceremoniously take to the Hazel river, keeping only his nose and eyes above water. Any movement on his part brought a snort from the Federal picket's horse, and the click of the cocking of his gun. The position was not enviable. The water was cold, for the air temperature was near the frost point. The scout was more than an hour moving one hundred and fifty yards to where he could secure the shelter of a friendly shadow and slip out of the enforced bath.

Returning to camp he advised the writer he would profit by that experience and was sure we could each secure a mount at Uncle Sam's expense. Our direction lay in the route Kilpatrick took after his withdrawal from contact with Stuart. Kilpatrick's men got to the Harrison' farm before McIlwain and the writer arrived, and when we sought information, we were warned by the farmer to get a move on us or we would soon be annexed by the

blue troopers. There were three dismounted troopers in our party, and as we left the Harrison residence—the moon being full—we found the blue troopers gathering. In our desire to evade and avoid them, we got separated and Custer's old Michigan regiment, riding upon the writer in the bright moonlight, the reader is left to conjecture or surmise what chance a lone dismounted trooper had in collision with a division of Federal horse. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the writer was invited to go up to the temporary headquarters-in-the-field. He had quietly slipped his carbine and pistol in the weeds, and when invited up to headquarters, he went unarmed. From those headquarters, Stuart rudely rousted Kilpatrick the next morning. The Confederate leader had called up assistance, and that day he certainly made Kilpatrick move some. He tried in vain to draw Stuart off, but he kept him vigorously on the move, so that when nightfall came he had traversed more than thirty-five miles, taking byways to get away from Stuart and back to the Potomac Army at Culpeper.

The writer had experienced some strenuous trips in the two and a half years of active campaigning, but that night found him, for the first time in his life, *too tired to sleep.* Quite a batch of prisoners in the collision with Stuart had been picked up, some stragglers, and not a few citizens of the country-side also added. The latter were mostly released the morning after the fight and about the time Stuart struck Kilpatrick's trail, but the soldier boys he held on to. After a day or two at Culpeper, these with other recruits gathered along the extended front, were given a free excursion by the O. & A. R. R. from Culpeper to Alexandria, and thence by steamer to Washington and made guests—enforced guests—of the nation in the old capitol.

How had the mighty fallen! Here Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Haine, Adams *et id omnes geni* had thundered the claims of their political tenets. Here the splendor of the republic had been builded. Now it was the receptacle of the unfortunates who *vi et armis* were enforced guests of their indulgent Uncle.

Some weeks before the contact of Stuart with Buford and Kilpatrick, Lieutenant-Colonel George St. Ledger Givenfell, an English soldier of fortune, had by courtesy been assigned to Stuart's staff, as had Baron Heros Von Borcke nearly a year and a half before. He came to Stuart from service in the West—had served with Morgan, so reports say, and brought with him a repute for gallantry in the field. He was eccentric and his vagaries had been the source of no little amusement to Stuart's military family. The day of the combat near Liberty Mills, he found the service very hot and strenuous. In the effort to force Kilpatrick to release his hold upon the road to the Mills, in one of the charges, the command was repulsed. When Col. Grenfell saw the recoil, he became demoralized and took to the woods, swam his horse across the Rapidan, hastened to Orange Courthouse and reported Stuart, his staff, and whole command, surrounded and captured. He had not waited to see Stuart try the limit of his resourcefulness, and the final forcible displacement of Kilpatrick's command. When the truth came to him, his mortification was so great he never connected with the staff again, and left for pastures new. A review of Duke's "Morgan's Cavalry" does not show Col. Grenfell as in service with the Kentuckian.

On 9th September ('63), the cavalry arm of Lee's Army was reorganized into two divisions with Hampton and Fitz Lee promoted to the grade of major generals. Hampton's division consisted of the brigades of Butler (promoted to brigadier-general from colonel of the Second South Carolina Cavalry) Jones and Baker.

Fitz Lee's division—W. H. F. Lee's,

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

Lomax's, and Wickham's brigades. On the 9th of October, General Lee, after waiting three months for the expected aggressive campaign, confidently looked for, on the part of General Meade's army, concluded to assume the aggressive again. This, of course, sent the cavalry to the front.

Stuart with Hampton's division—its gallant commander being still unfit for service from the three wounds received at Gettysburg—proceeded through Madison Courthouse. Jones' brigade, under Colonel Funston, assumed the advance of Stuart's command. Fitz Lee's division, supported by two brigades of infantry, was left at Racoon Ford. Colonel Funston proceeded toward Sperryville, while Stuart, with Young's and Gordon's brigades, tracked for James City. Stuart drove the enemy's pickets from Russell's Ford on the Robertson river back upon the 120th New York Infantry. Employing Gordon, commanding Baker's brigade, in keeping the 120th New York's attention on their front, Stuart led Young's brigade through the woods. Securing a position in rear of the New York regiment, Stuart sent the First South Carolina Cavalry rather abruptly upon them and scattered the New Yorkers very promiscuously, picking up eighty-seven of that command as prisoners.

Kilpatrick with strong infantry supports and six pieces of artillery, was strongly posted north of James City. Stuart took position on the opposite ridge and remained in observation of the enemy during the balance of the day, some artillery practice relieving the monotony. Once during the afternoon the enemy attempted a mounted charge, but the dismounted men of the First South Carolina resented the movement and easily repulsed the attack. Kilpatrick suspecting some trick by Stuart's failure to press him, withdrew during the night of the 10th. Stuart left Young in possession of the position vacated by Kilpatrick and moving with Gordon early on the 11th, joined Funston and pressed toward Culpeper.

A brush with the enemy prefaced his entry into Culpeper Courthouse. Kilpatrick with "four thousand all told" as his report records, had drawn up his command in the open country east of the town. Stuart's five regiments—two of Funston's and three of Gordon's—numbered but 1500. Stuart, therefore, had nothing to gain by venturing an attack with such disparity of forces, remained some time in observation of Kilpatrick's battle-line.

Fitz Lee was now moving up from Racoon Ford and the sound of his guns advised Kilpatrick as well as Stuart, his objective point was Brandy, six miles beyond Culpeper.

The sound of Fitz Lee's guns advised Stuart to get busy. He quietly withdrew from Kilpatrick's front and by farm-roads and by-ways, sought to secure Fleetwood Height, where on the 9th of June the stubborn conflict for its possession had developed the biggest cavalry battle of the war. The country was so open Stuart could not conceal his movements and Kilpatrick, influenced by the sound of Fitz Lee's guns and Stuart's disappearance, suspected these two Confederates were conspiring against the peace and comfort of his command. So then and there began a race for Brandy and the fords of the Rappahannock beyond. Major McClellan thus describes this exciting scene.

"When Stuart reached the open plain near Slaughter Bradford's house, an animating sight presented itself. Dense columns of Federal cavalry were moving at a hot trot down the railroad nearly parallel with his line of march. Below Bradford's the First North Carolina and Twelfth Virginia were detached to attack two portions of the enemy's column which appeared to be separated from the main body.

"The hurry which seemed to pervade

the enemy's ranks and the confusion which resulted from the charge of the Twelfth Virginia, promised good results, although the enemy's force was evidently much the greater.

"But while moving up in columns of fours in a narrow farm-lane to support the Twelfth Virginia, the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina Cavalry were suddenly opposed by one battalion of Fifth New York Cavalry, charging in column of squadrons with drawn sabres. Huddled together in the narrow lane, these regiments, which had on this same day done gallant service, turned and ran from less than half their numbers.

"The success of the enemy was, however, but short-lived; for the opportune arrival of the Seventh Virginia enabled Stuart to throw it upon the flank of the attacking force and many of them were killed and captured.

"The time gained, however, by the action of the Fifth New York was of the greatest importance to the Federal cavalry; for it gave them possession of Fleetwood, the prize Stuart sought to win, and which the enemy crowned with artillery before the arrival either of Stuart or Fitz Lee.

"Stuart's advance through the day had been so rapid his guns could not keep to the front."

Fitz Lee's guns had advised Stuart he was on the move for Brandy, slowly pushing John Buford in that direction from Raccoon Ford, while the silence of Stuart's guns puzzled Fitz. True, the "Rebel yell" of Stuart's command at times faintly reached Fitz, but of the actual situation he was ignorant.

In approaching Brandy, Fitz Lee extended the Fifth and Fifteenth Virginia and First Maryland Battalion across the railroad facing Buford's position on Fleetwood. This position exposed the rear of these troops to Kilpatrick, advancing from Culpeper, and of which Fitz Lee was still in ignorance. The problem and its solution is aptly described by Colonel Thomas L. Rosser, the gallant commander of the Fifth Virginia:

"My regiment, with the First Maryland and Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, extended across the road upon which these troops (Kilpatrick's division) were coming up in our rear. Not knowing who they were, I sent to Fitz Lee to learn something about them, but before hearing from him, they came near enough for me to observe that they carried the Federal flag; and to prevent being crushed between these two commands, I withdrew my regiment and advised the other colonels to fall back so as to avoid the heavy blow in our rear.

"They did so, and we reformed perpendicular to Buford and parallel to the direction of march of the advancing column from the rear, and we were in good order when the head of Kilpatrick's column got opposite us. These troops were moving at a full gallop; they were not charging upon us, for we stood in line off to one side, and for a moment I looked on in amazement at the performance. I soon concluded they were being pursued, and charged them in flank. *Never in my life did I reap such a rich harvest in horses and prisoners.*"

When Stuart connected with Fitz Lee at and near Brandy the battle was renewed and the scene there was as sanguinary as the tragedy of the 9th of June. Pleasanton, who had been with Kilpatrick's command, now assumed command of the whole federal force and handled his troops with consumate skill.

Major McClellan's narrative can best describe the exciting drama:

"Stuart extended Lomax's and Chambliss's brigades on the Confederate right, so as to pour a cross-fire upon the enemy's left flank, while the rest of the command attacked in front. It was no easy matter to dislodge the enemy from the woods about the rail-

road station. They fought bravely even desperately. Several dismounted men, while eagerly pressing forward, were surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, and either fought their way out with their carbines and pistols, or were rescued by mounted charges of their mounted comrades.

"Five times each did Fifth, Sixth and Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry make distinct sabre charges, in one of which Colonel Harrison, of the Sixth was wounded. Despite all his efforts, the enemy was steadily pushed back to his position upon Fleetwood, in which he was so strong Stuart deemed it unwise to attack.

"Fitz Lee's division was now moved by the left, past the Barbour House as if to interpose between the enemy and the Rappahannock, perceiving which, Buford and Kilpatrick withdrew from their positions, and protected by their artillery, which was very skilfully handled, crossed the river at nightfall."

Stuart's command bivouacked near Brandy Station, wearied with the tense work of an heroic day, but conscious the Fickle Goddess had smiled upon their tragic labors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# A Southern Champion of American Benevolence

Roy Temple House

AMERICA needs champions in Germany. The opinion of the American character which the average educated German holds is by no means a high one. The American is a dishonest money-grabber who varies the monotony of egregious speculation by indulgence in the most fantastic and foolish amusements, and who generally ends by failing in some gambling venture and putting a bullet into his head. The picture is a highly-colored one, to say the least, and there is an excellent opportunity for the exchange professors and instructors who go to Germany on this or that foundation to show the Germans that some citizens of the United States are a trifle soberer, quieter and less painfully selfish than the type our excellent cousins have conjured up for contemplation.

Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, this year's Roosevelt Exchange Professor at the University of Berlin, contributes to a recent number of the Berlin weekly *Die Woche* a discussion of American benevolences which should go a long way toward convincing his readers that the average American is not quite so unlovely and unloving a being as he is painted. Professor Smith is an authority, and a recapitulation of the information he furnishes, with some discussion of his conclusions, may find interested readers in the United States.

Of the benefactors we are considering, Carnegie has just given $1,250,000 to reward heroes who save lives in Germany, and his gift for international arbitration amounted to $11,500,000. Rockefeller's late donation of $10,000,000 to the University of Chicago brings the total of his benefactions to that institution to the sum of $35,000,000. The year 1910 saw $65,000,000 thus devoted to charitable purposes in America. In 1909 the aggregate was $185,000,000.

This imposing figure is due largely to the generosity of the deceased John Stewart Kennedy, who headed the list of the donors for that year, followed by Rockefeller and Carnegie in this order. Carnegie has devoted in all $180,000,000 to charity, of which $51,000,000 have gone to the establishment of 1800 libraries in about one thousand cities and towns. It is not so easy to determine the exact amount which Rockefeller has given, but it is known that he stands easily first among American financial benefactors.

The gifts under discussion may be classified as going for one or more of four distinct objects: (1) care for the dependent, (2) encouragement of scientific research, (3) the spread of religion and (4) education. Rockefeller has had a religious aim more often and more definitely in mind than has Carnegie. Thus, his final donation of $10,000,000 to the University of Chicago includes $1,500,000, which is to go to the erection and maintenance of a chapel in that institution.

But the common feature which distinguishes all the benefactions in question, and gives them nobility and significance, is that they are uniformly intelligent efforts to encourage wholesome activity on the part of the recipients. Consider Carnegie's well-known library plan. He will offer a community $25,000 or $50,000, or $100,000, for a building and books, if the community will raise an equal amount to maintain the new institution. The leading citizens contribute and encourage others to do so, committees and societies are formed to collect the necessary funds, united effort accomplishes the desired result, and the communities are strengthened by their participation in the new enterprise. A similar good result is coming from his system of pensioning professors. It is only just that these worn-out teachers be assured a competence after their active labors are over, but the significant result for the country as a whole is that Mr. Carnegie has made a great number of positions more attractive and is helping the profession to secure better men. An excellent feature of his setting up a standard which the favored institutions must measure up to is that many schools which do not fulfill the requirements are making an effort to improve, and that a raising of standards on the part of these colleges and universities is bringing with it an improvement in the preparatory schools which articulate with them. All this involves also a tendency toward unity in the very unlike and unequal systems of different states.

It is unnecessary to dwell in a Southern magazine on the wonderful stimulus to hundreds of Southern schools which the work of Rockefeller's General Education Board has proved. Ex-President Eliot has denominated the organization of the system of Southern schools which took place under this Board's encouragement, "the most considerable piece of constructive educational work which has thus far been done in the United States." And here, again, it was not Rockefeller's money alone or the Board's direction alone which did the work. In this movement the Southern States contributed $5,487,578 for new universities, and the new schools are their own in every sense.

The attaching of conditions to so many of these gifts and bequests has of course, aroused a storm of criticism. A certain humorist dreamed that he died and went to the place of eternal torment. In his agony he called on a passing angel to favor him with two drops of water. "I do not think it would be wise for me to do that," replied the angel, "but if you can evolve one drop from your inner consciousness or some other source, I will give you another to match it." The humorist and serious critics to the contrary notwithstanding, the activity which these charities have called for and secured has been on the whole a blessing to the country.

Professor Smith gives most of his

space to a discussion of a few of these gigantic charities. May we not dwell a little more heavily than he does on the smaller gifts which humble citizens are making every day, and which prove that the average American is not a selfish materialist? The small tradesman who gave the savings of a lifetime to build the University of Cincinnati a library, is one of thousands whose dearest wish has been fulfilled in what was perhaps a sacrifice to help some small institution, church, school, library, or to give a small sum toward a larger enterprise. The United States is dotted with these monuments to the generosity and devotion of men with modest means. What other country can match them? It is the multitude of little colleges, and not the University of Chicago, which has made the American the best-informed man on the globe. It is the multitude of little churches, and not the million-dollar university chapel, which have made us the most genuinely religious of the leading nations, as against a lukewarm and formalistic England and Germany, and a free-thinking France. The visitor to another country will see much to admire and find much to learn, but he will recross the ocean more convinced than ever that this much-maligned native country is a very wholesome place for himself and his young children; and there is no question that her prosperity and progress are largely accounted for by the fact that her citizens, with all their unexampled individual initiative and individual strength, are at heart, and by policy and habit, helpful and charitable.

# An Appeal in Behalf of a Slave

F. F. DeLong
(In The Christian Statesman)

IN previous issues of the Statesman, facts were published concerning the woman rescued from the Chicago Convent. We herewith present other facts, also an appeal which ought to reach the hearts of lovers of liberty. Miss Hattie Holmes, a Protestant girl of Michigan, twenty-three years ago was deceitfully induced to enter a Chicago Convent. A few months ago her sister secured her release and brought her to her home in Lansing. In a long personal interview, Miss Holmes told the writer that she was glad she was out of the Convent and nothing in the world would induce her to return. A few months ago she suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the hotel where she was working. A personal investigation by the writer revealed the facts that a Catholic priest and Catholic women had been with Miss Holmes and threatened her with horrible punishment, both temporal and eternal, if she did not return to the Convent. Shortly after Miss Holmes disappeared, a statement came to a Lansing paper, said to have been signed by Miss Holmes, to the effect that she was back in the Convent, was happy and wished to stay there.

Reader, in order that you may understand this statement, you should consider the following facts: Before Miss Holmes was released from the Convent the Mother Superior compelled her to sign a statement to the effect that she had always been happy in the Convent. Also other girls have testified in courts that they were compelled to sign such statements before being allowed to leave. Now, to sum up this case in a

few words: The Convent in Chicago is a money-making cooperation and a prison, where hundreds of women and girls are held against their wills, worked like slaves and compelled to be Catholics. Hattie Holmes was thus held and treated for twenty-three years. When she was rescued, her hair was white and the best years of her life gone. Had she kept her mouth shut concerning the Convent, they might have allowed her to spend her remaining years in liberty. But she told her story and sued for damages, and in order to silence her tongue and prevent the damage suit, they treacherously got her back. She is there today, languishing behind high walls, barred windows and locked doors, in worse slavery than any colored man ever suffered prior to the Civil War. Her sister's heart is breaking, and she has appealed to me to help rescue her sister. Money is absolutely necessary, as her sister and other relatives are extremely poor. We are fully prepared to prove that Miss Holmes always was weak-minded, and that her twenty-three years of slavery there have only added to her mental weakness. The plan now is to secure the appointment of a guardian for her, secure her release and continue suit for damages. Able lawyers have been employed and witnesses are ready to testify. One thing only is lacking, viz: money. I am not physically able to go out personally and solicit money, hence I appeal to you through the Statesman. If a great many will send small contributions, we will win the greatest case against Rome's prisons ever won in America, and hasten the day when all such slaves shall be free. Please send contributions to Mrs. Carrie Barker, Evart, Michigan, Route 1. Mrs. Barker is Miss Holmes's sister, and a noble Christian woman, and every cent received will be legitimately used.

Reader, will you please respond to this appeal as soon as you read it? If you desire further information, write me or Rev. J. T. Le Gear, pastor First M. E. Church, Lansing, Michigan.

If this were *your* girl, how much money would you want me to contribute to get her out?

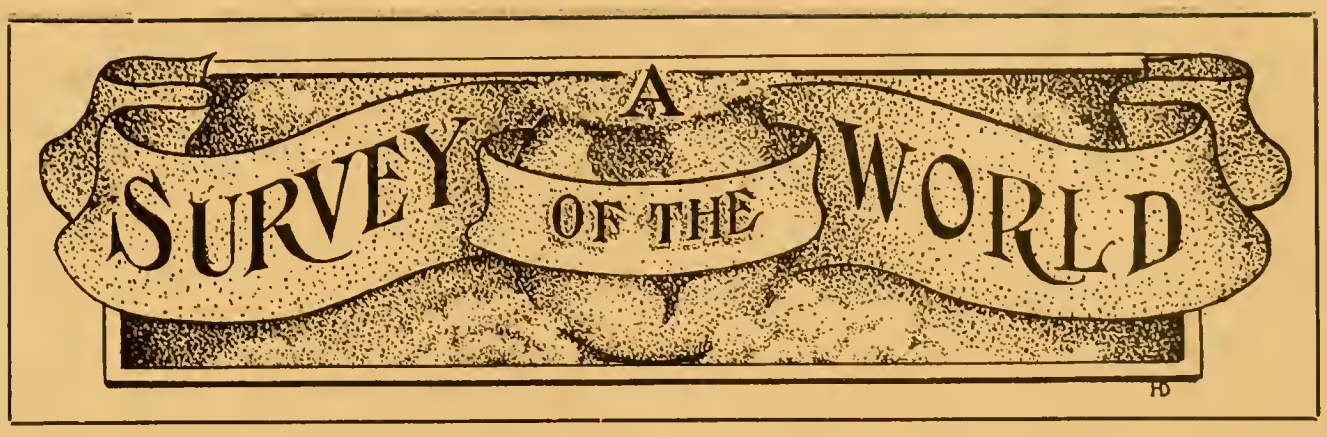
Yours for the freedom of Hattie Holmes.

## *America*

*Esther Jackson Wirgman*

*The rushing river runs forever,*
*Seeking as goal, a glittering sea.*
*Remorseless Affluent, dost thou flee,*
*Regarding peace or beauty never?*

*Yet some hid obstacle that bars*
*Forms a deep eddy, calm and slow,*
*That holds the sunset's glorious glow,*
*Reflects, each quiet night, the stars.*




By THE EDITOR

DIAZ turned loose in time to save his life, but he did so not an hour too soon. The passions which his obstinancy had aroused were murderous, and another day would doubtless have brought a storming of his palace and the massacre of himself and his body-guard. The aged despot displayed deep feeling on quitting his office; and his farewell to his troops was pathetic. On his way to the coast, his party was attacked, either by brigands or insurrectos, but he succeeded in beating off his assailants. He is supposed to be going to Spain.

* * * * *

Madero, the leader of the insurrection, made his triumphal entry into Mexico City, where he was wildly acclaimed. A plot against his life was discovered, just in time; but it is altogether probable that others may be laid. In the meanwhile, it is significant that a report is in circulation that the Mexican railroads—some 5,000 miles—are to be relinquished to the Harriman lines, the Southern Pacific System. Did American railroad-money finance the Mexican revolution? *If Madero should surrender the government roads to the Harriman lines he will subject himself to a grave suspicion that he sold his country rather than saved it.*

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IN Portugal, there is imminent danger of a counter-revolution. The royalists and the papists have been busy as bees fermenting dissatisfaction within, and organizing invasion, without.

At this writing (June 12) it appears to be certain that, before the month is out, an attempt will be made to restore the power of King and Pope. Bloody fighting is ahead.

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IN China, the hitherto irresponsible and despotic Grand Council has been converted into a ministry, responsible to the parliament. The cutting off of the pig-tails, seems to have had a fine effect on the Chinese heads. You will remember that Peter the Great commenced his modernizing of the Russians, by the compulsory shaving of their enormous beards. In many instances the hirsute barbarians stoutly defended their brushpiles and had to be forcibly shorn. In our own dear country, who has failed to note the effect of short hair on our women, and of long hair on our masculine bipeds?

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IN Japan, crime has increased forty per cent., within the last five years. The causes are the same as those that have brought about such general contempt for law in this country. Vast increases in governmental expenditures, huge additions to the burdens of taxation, tariffs which double the cost of living—what *could* be the effect, if not to augment vice and crime? The ruling classes, throughout the world, are directly responsible for at least one half of all the miseries of the people,

and all the violations of moral and statute law. In our own land, the diabolical money-system and tariff-systems have sent untold millions of victims to their financial, physical and moral ruin. And the heartless men who demand and get those powers to control money and prices, *know* what the hideous consequences are bound to be to the victims of those two systems.

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SITTING in a big arm-chair in the cozy study of his arch-episcopal residence in North Charles Street, Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons talked of the dangers that are today menacing the civilization of America.

A timely topic, truly. The Cardinal is an old man, 77 years of age. He possesses unusual ability. He knows America well. Therefore, his enumeration of the evils which threaten our civilization deserve attention and thought.

Cardinal Gibbons mentions five of these dangers, towit: *Mormonism, Divorce, Sabbath-breaking, Election frauds, the Delay of justice, and Secular public schools.*

* * * * *

Cardinal Gibbons expresses no fear of the saloons, the white-slave traffic, the drug habit, the soft drink, or the class-legislation, which transfers to the few the property and the happiness of the many. That the head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America should have no word of rebuke to barkeepers, whose business necessarily tends to nullify the good work of the church, the school, and the Christian home, is something to recognize and deplore. That he should attach more blame to the delay of our courts than he does to the traffic in human flesh is amazing. That election frauds should assume in his mind, an evil prominence not occupied by child-slavery, sweat-shop horrors, and the awful increase of poverty, vice and crime, is almost incredible. And his naming our public schools as a menace to our civilization, in the same category with Mormonism, Divorce and Election frauds, ought at least to cause Protestants to redouble their vigilance and their determination to uphold and increase these secular schools.

* * * * *

To those who know how universal is the disregard of Sunday in Catholic countries, the Cardinal's reference to Sabbath-breaking will bring a smile.

Is it worse to play baseball on Sunday, in America, than it is to attend a brutal bull-fight on Sunday, in Mexico, South America, or Spain? Generally, those who break the Sabbath in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, are men and women and children who have no other day for leisure and recreation. They have to labor all the week. Is it so very wicked for these sons and daughters of toil to spend Sundays in the parks, at the seaside or at a ball game? In this Protestant country, those who disregard the Sabbath are the minority; in Catholic countries, the majority.

* * * * *

If you have been a reader of this magazine some months, you will be able to recall my comment on the action of President Taft in jumping the Jesuit, White, over the head of his senior in service and his superior in ability, Harlan. I expressed the belief that the unprecedented action, in this instance, indicated that powerful interests were at work with a view to having a friendly Chief Justice presiding over the Supreme Court when the big trust cases should come up.

President Taft was reported as saying that he had not intended to make White the Chief Justice but had done so because of "tremendous pressure."

*What* was this "tremendous pressure?" Through *whom* was this "tremendous pressure" exerted?

The Jesuit was promoted over the head of his senior and superior, Har-

lan; and he managed to persuade all of the Justices, save Harlan, to make a decision, in the big cases, that is *a godsend to the Trusts.* No Jesuit ever turned a trick more deftly. What he was put there to do, he has done.

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THE anti-trust act of Congress plainly, positively, declares that *any* combination or agreement in restraint of trade is criminal. The purpose of the law is, the preservation of the utmost freedom of competition.

The decision of the Supreme Court as voiced by the Jesuit who presides over it, *changes the act of Congress* so that it now reads, as judicially construed:

"Any *unreasonable* restraint of trade, etc."

Thus the judicial branch of the Government *has usurped legislative powers.*

The remedy? Repeal the judiciary act of 1789, which created the Federal courts.

* * * * *

In our system, the Legislative, the Judicial, and the Executive are co-ordinate and co-equal. Neither can trench upon the others without disturbing the balance of power and violating the fundamental law upon which the republic was founded. In legislating the word "unreasonable" into the Sherman law, the Federal judiciary has erected a bomb-proof for the Trusts. Some will be good, and some bad, according to the personelle of the bench which passes on the cases.

* * * * *

In every government that ever existed, the problem has been to adjust the difference between individual freedom and governmental power. How far shall personal liberty go? How far shall governmental authority go?

In the past, individual liberty has sometimes degenerated into license, and anarchy set in. On the contrary, governments have trodden on individuals and established despotism. Our forefathers hit upon a new principle, that of fixing, *by fundamental law*, the limits of governmental power. This fundamental law so far as the Federal Government is concerned, is the Constitution of the United States.

The Supreme Court, in the Trust cases, not only violated the spirit of our fundamental law, but the very letter.

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THE following item of news may interest you:

"By Associated Press.

"Fort Worth, Tex., June 10.—Rev. Father Patrick Murphy, who has attracted considerable attention as a speaker for the prohibitionists in the present campaign for state-wide prohibition, was today ordered by Bishop-elect Lynch to return to his parish at Dalhart. Father Murphy had been scheduled to stump the state and has cancelled his engagements.

"Bishop Lynch issued a statement saying that Father Murphy has eleven churches and that his church work needs his undivided attention.

" 'I feel sure,' Bishop Lynch says, 'that the priests are able to take care of religion and morality in their respective parishes.' "

With 800 dance-halls in full blast, in the one city of Chicago, with liquor sold in most of them; and with thousands of young girls gliding down to hell, through these late-at-night dance-halls, we are quite prepared to echo Bishop Lynch's confidence in the priests. The manner in which they take care of religion and morality in their respective parishes can be seen in all of our big cities where Roman Catholicism is strongest—just as it can be seen in all other parts of the world where Roman Catholicism is strongest.

"Father" Murphy was called down because he was assailing the liquor traffic, in which the Roman hierarchy is financially interested to an enormous amount.

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IN a survey of the world and the doing of mankind, is the following letter to the New York *World*, of no significance?

**Why Automobilists Are So Popular.**

To the Editor of The World:

This is not high tragedy. It is no tale of bodies suddenly crushed lifeless, of shrieks of anguish. Maybe it's really funny.

On a famous Jersey road I met today four middle-aged women, apparently domestic servants with their friends enjoying a beautiful afternoon out in their carefully saved best dresses.

An expensive auto came along at railroad speed. As I met the women, a mud-puddle, where swift autos had ruined the fine road, was on the near side. The auto could have veered to avoid the mud, but that would have cost a fifth of a second. Naturally the autoist could not waste so much time from his business or pleasure. Protected himself by his mud-guards, he could no more consider common walking people than a battery galloping to action respects a worm.

The women in their sober finery—one a black silk, I remember—were almost literally covered with liquid red mud. As I went on philosophically regarding my own unimportant splashes I heard behind me the sound of sobs.

New York, June 8. JERSEYMAN.

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WE take this item from *The Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, of June 3:

**Touching the Spot.**

"Tom" Watson of Georgia, the notorious bigot, has been effectively rebuked. The American Federation of Catholic Societies recently took up the case of Thomas and appealed to his advertisers, with the result that four of the largest of these have withdrawn their contract from his "Jeffersonian" magazine.

"Tom" Watson, of Georgia, is not worrying about that "rebuke." He is contentedly adding 16 additional pages to the advertising section of his magazine. His July number will carry more ads. than any that he has ever published. If the American Federation of Catholic Societies continue to increase "Tom" Watson's advertising patronage, as they are now doing, he may feel that they are equitably entitled to a rake-off.

We lost only two advertisers on account of the Roman Catholic boycott. These were:

The National Bank of Commerce, Norfolk, Va.; and

The Laughlin Manufacturing Co.—the fountain-pen makers.

The Bank of Commerce was using one-quarter of a page; the Laughlin Co., half a page.

"Tom" Watson presents his compliments to the American Federation of Catholic Societies, and encourages them to keep up the fight.

*The first thing they know they will provoke Protestants into withdrawing their trade from Protestant firms which give their advertising to Catholic papers and magazines.*

Lay on, McDuff!

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SENATOR Bristow, of Kansas, made a cowardly surrender to the negroes; and, in obedience to their demand on him, amended the Direct-Election-of-Senators bill with a provision giving the Federal Government control of such elections.

With that fatal proviso, we will not accept the bill. We don't intend to have Federal bayonets at the polls again. Under the amendment of Senator Bristow, negro soldiers might be sent to "maintain order," and to protect the coons at the poling places.

In his cowardly surrender to the blacks, Senator Bristow may soon learn how he has lost out with the whites.

He voted against the Sutherland amendment, when the question was up before; and he has gone squarely back on himself.

* * * * *

In 34 of the States of this Union, we already have, in actual practice, the direct election of U. S. Senators by the people. *In a white primary*, which precedes the meeting of the legislature, the people name their choice, and the legislature ratifies it. If the other States really want a popular selection of Senators, they can adopt the same methods. An amendment to the Constitution is not indispensable.

To change the Federal Constitution in such a way as to make Mr. Nigger

the umpire of all squabbles among the whites, is altogether too high a price for what we can easily get without paying any such disgraceful and disastrous concession.

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A FRIEND in Washington, D. C. wrote me that The Washington News Company, 313 6th street, North West, had refused to sell him a copy of the June number of this magazine. The reason given was the postoffice officials had ordered the News Company not to sell it, but to hold it until further orders.

I did not believe a word of this statement concerning the P. O. Department. The magazines having already gone through the mail, and to the news stands, the Postoffice Department had nothing further to do with it. But to get evidence in the premises, and to make certain of the truth, I telegraphed Postmaster-General Hitchcock. He promptly replied, confirming my view. He said that the Postoffice Department had not issued any order against the magazine. To the same purport, Senator A. O. Bacon and Congressmen S. J. Tribble and W. Schley Howard wired me.

By publishing these false statements against us, The Washington News Co. has become liable to be sued for damages. I am told that it is a subsidiary concern to The American News Co., which boycotted the magazine some months ago. *The American News Co. is one of the most oppresive of the Trusts;* and in this era of trust-busting it may soon find itself on the grill. I don't intend to allow the Roman Catholic priests to ruin our publishing business with their cowardly, malignant boycotts. *I mean to fight back; and to test the question, as to whether Protestantism is dead in this country.*

Lay on McDuff!

# *Experience*

*W. Thomas Withrow*

*A little wheat and a little chaff*
*A little cry and a little laugh,*
*A little joy and a little pain,*
*A sunny day and a day of rain,*
*A little smile and a little weep,*
*The day's fatigue and the night of sleep,*
*A little work and a little play,*
*A glint of gold and a splash of grey,*
*The rosy light of the purple dawn,*
*The sunset glow as the night comes on,*
*Spring's perfumed breeze and the Autumn haze,*
*The wintry snows and the harvest days,*
*The porch where the crimson ramblers creep,*
*The sodden mound where the lost ones sleep,*
*A little hope and a little fear,*
*A little despair and a little cheer,*
*A little peace and a little strife,*
*Are the threads we weave in the web of life.*

# A Tribute to a Friend

(Judge H. D. D. Twiggs, of Georgia, delivered this address at Reidsville, Ga., on Memorial Day, to the memory of his life-long friend, Isaiah Beasley, and it is copied from the Reidsville News)

MY first visit to Reidsville occurred over forty years ago. I had just been made judge of the Superior Courts of the Middle Circuit, and I came here to hold my first court in this county. I presided in the old structure which stood upon this spot and which still stands not far away from here, the venerable landmark of an ancient regime, a regime which has passed away and sadly reminds us that all things in this life must perish, both institutions and men.

It was then that I met for the time two young lawyers who, even at that early period of their professional life, arrested my attention and strongly impressed me. One was Hamp Smith, the other Isaiah Beasley. The former passed away comparatively a young man, not however before he had climbed the rugged steps of fame, and standing upon the higher table-lands, his vision had caught in the perspective beyond the full fruition of his cherished hopes. The other, to whose memory we pay tribute tonight, lived the allotted time given to men, three score years and ten, before he crossed the dark river to join his friend upon the other shore.

The Dread Messenger who never tires and never pities, knocked at his door, after a long period of illness and heroic suffering, and bore him into that radiant hereafter where we are told that the pure in heart shall see God.

I knew Isaiah Beasley intimately for forty years and I am proud to be able to say that during that long period of time our friendship was never once interrupted and I lost in his death one of the best and truest friends I ever had. I do not believe any man knew his mind and understood his character better than myself, and as our relations grew and strengthened I learned to love him because I found that which had early arrested my attention was no artful counterfeit, but genuine gold, purified and refined in the crucible of a lofty manhood, and stamped with the mintage of natural gifts that are rarely found. I do not hesitate to say, that Isaiah Beasley was invested by nature with one of the clearest minds I ever knew, and I have met with but a few men who were more fertile, original and resourceful.

Nature had done much for him, and I have often thought, if he had possessed advantages with an environment for the expansion of his powers his genius would have taken wings, and he would have found an atmosphere where great jurists have lived, and inscribed his name upon the dome of enduring fame, glittering with stars.

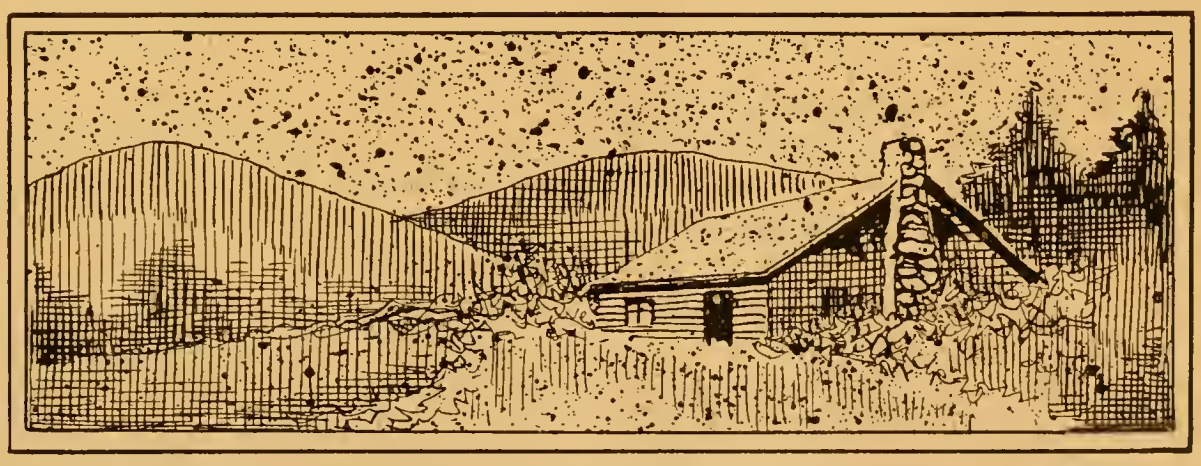
He was a natural born orator and his chief power lay in his great clearness and earnest simplicity of speech. There was no effort at display—he never spoke to the galleries, yet between his eloquent lips words found bud and blossom as naturally as flowers bloom and grow. Few men had readier, more refreshing wit, or quicker repartee. A with that never wounded, because it was always kind. He was singularly logical. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart, and Isaiah's Beasley's head and heart, if I may be allowed the expression, always worked in double harness. He had intelligence without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant. With all his big heart he loved the common people and the latch of his door was ever free to them. He grasped the horny hand of toil, if it was an honest palm, as freely as that

of a prince. He never turned away a poor man who sought his services because the man had no money, and he died poor in trying to make others rich.

It is sad to realize that we will never hear again the music of his voice, nor clasp his hand in warm and friendly geeting. He was not a member of any church organization. He could not understand why religious society should be partisan and controversional, and divided by distracting theological dogmas of different creeds. For this reason unthinking people called him an unbeliever. This was not true. I talked with him often along these lines and I know that God lived in his soul. He heard His voice in the great oratorio of life; in the whispering of the winds, in the mournful music of the sea, in the twitter of the song birds. He saw His face in the starry dome of night, where a million orbs revolve through space upon burning wheels, around a million suns. He saw His hands in the seasons and the procesion of the equinoxes; His omnipotence in the eternal harmony of the spheres, governed by immutable laws. True religion consists, at last, in living right, doing your full duty to your family, to your neighbors and to society. If you do these things, it follows that you do your duty to God. The laying on of hands, the sprinkling of holy water, church membership or the observance of ceremonial theology do not make Christians, and my dear friend needed no purifying fires to fit him for the companionship of the good, for he lived and died an honest man, the noblest work of God.

It was my privilege to be with him often during his long illness. He fully realized the end was approaching. His wife knew it—we all knew it, and it was a pathetic picture to watch the man and wife who had lived together under God's ordinance for forty-four years and who realized that the parting was near. Time and again during those crucial hours have I seen him take her hand in his and pat it as tenderly as when she was his bride, while his eyes grew moist and soft. That devoted wife who never left his side and hovered over his couch, his guardian angel, until she closed his eyes in death.

Isaiah Beasley bore his long suffering bravely, uncomplainingly, heroically, almost cheerfully, he faced the inevitable. He lived like a man. He died like a philosopher. Like a peaceful river with green and shaded banks, he flowed without a murmur, into the waveless sea, whose waters are eternal life and rest.



# Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told. **Watson's Magazine** proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veteran will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read. We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

## To Those Who Have Gone

Each year as they gather some one whom we loved
Is missed when the roll-call is read.
Some name from the roster is blotted with tears,
And numbered with those of the dead.

Each call of the bugle that sounds on our ears,
While the ages roll swiftly by
Tolls death to some comrade who fought by their side,
Who answered the roll call on high.

Their ranks have grown thinner; their roster is small,
Their step has grown feeble and slow,
But none have deserted the cause that we love,
They died with their face to the foe.

Soon only to memory's records we'll go,
For tales that we all love to hear,
For many who dropped by the road-side to rest,
Are sleeping so peacefully there.

H. HAL RONDEAU.

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## As to the Poem "To a Confederate Dollar Bill"

IN the June WATSON'S MAGAZINE we published, in this department, a poem, and the letter which accompanied it.

There have been several protests as to the authorship of the poem, and we publish the following letters so that justice may be done, if there has been an error. THE EDITOR.

### A CORRECTION.

Editor Watson's Magazine:

In the June number of your magazine, a correspondent quotes the famous, war time poem entitled "Lines Written on the Back of a Confederate Note." In the introduction your correspondent gives what purports to be the history of these verses, and states that they were written by a Mrs. Lytle, at Griffin, Ga. This is a mistake. The author of the poem is a well-known Confederate veteran, Major S. A. Jonas, for a number of years editor of the Aberdeen, Miss., Examiner. It was written in Richmond, Virginia, immediately after the surrender of General Johnston, in a room of the Powhattan hotel, on the back of a stray, unfinished five hundred dollar Confederate ball. In a letter from the author, published in the Louisville Courier Journal, December 11, 1889, Major Jonas gave in detail the story of his poem, and all the circumstances connected with the writing of it.

In my book, "War Poets of the South," published fifteen years ago, the full details are given, with additional facts, including the testimony of President Jefferson Davis, establishing the authorship. After all these years the incorrect and long exploded story floats back again into print. In the interest of the truth of history, please publish this correction.

Yours,
CHARLES W. HUBNER.

Birmingham, Ala., Woodlawn Sta.,
June 9, 1911.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine,
Thomson, Ga.

Gentlemen: I am a subscriber to your magazine and note in the June issue a poem said to have been written on "A $5.00 Confederate Bill. What Was It." The article stated that this poem was written by Mrs. Lytle, wife of Dr. R. M. Lytle.

This is an error, evidently. It was written by Major S. A. Jonas, who served on Gen. Hood's staff. I knew Major Jonas personally, but do not know if he is still living. When last I heard from him he was residing in Aberdeen, Miss., and was publishing a paper then called "The Examiner."

Please investigate and see if I am correct or not. Yours truly,
J. H. BEMIES.

5910 2d Ave., South.

Mobile, Ala., June 10, 1911.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I note in the

June edition of your magazine the poem, "Lines on the Back of a Confederate Note." Major S. A. Jonas, ex-Confederate soldier, editor Aberdeen, Miss., Examiner, it seems, from authentic sources, has priority claim and title clear to the honor and distinction as author of said poem.

Major Lamar Fontaine, Lyons, Miss., author of "All Quiet Along the Potomac," one of the most beautiful gems of poesy emanating from the 1861-65 War of Brothers, was also, for years, harrassed by the hounds of plagiarism.

"But ever will right come uppermost,
And ever will justice be done."

These old comrades, whose souls were tried in the crucible of fire and purged of all dross, are rapidly "crossing the bar," joining "the bivouac of the dead," where they shall

"Silently sleep,
And dream of wars no more."

We must be careful not to rob them of a single honor—as soldiers, as citizens, as literary lights, or otherwise.

Yours sincerely,
J. POTTS HOLT.

P. S.—The Issue, Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1911, contains my article, upon which I've been highly complimented, "Conservation of the Colors." J. P. H.

Louisville, Ky., June 10th, 1911.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I enclose you copy of letter that I have just written to Mrs. Wesson as to an article in your magazine, page 173, as to the authorship of a poem written on the back of a Confederate bill.

This poem was written by Major A. S. Jonas after the war was over, editor of a paper at Columbus, Miss., and I knew him well. I never have heard of any question being raised whatever as to the author, as it is unquestionably his. Georgia is my native State, although I have been connected with this house for forty-five years.

With kind regards, I remain,
Yours truly,
GEO. C. NORTON.

"All Quiet on the Potomac To-Night," has been claimed by several. Lamar Fontaine, of Lyon, Miss., tells me he wrote it.

Louisville, Ky., June 10, 1911.

Mrs. I. A. Wesson,
Wingo, Kentucky.

Dear Mrs. Wesson: I have just read an article in the Watson Magazine in regard to a poem on a Confederate bill, that you credit to a Mrs. Lytle. This is certainly a great surprise to me, as this poem was written by a friend of mine, an army comrade, Major A. S. Jonas, of Columbus, Miss. I have seen numerous copies of it, and have never yet heard of its being credited to any one else, besides I know that Major A. S. Jonas wrote it. I feel sure that you would not want to claim an authorship for one who does not deserve it, and I feel satisfied that there is an error somewhere in your information.

I have before me as I write an article from the editor of the Philadelphia Press of January 3rd, 1911, in which they print the poem as written by its Author, Major A. S. Jonas.

With kind regards, I remain,
Yours truly,
GEO. C. NORTON.

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## How One Southern Soldier Was Fooled

I belonged to the 27th Ga., Colquitt's Brigade, Jackson Corps. We first went to Manassas, and from there went to Yorktown. As I had read about Washington's and Cornwallis' fight and the latter's surrender, I thought history would repeat itself, and the war would end there. So you see how I was fooled.

In a short time, Gen. Johnson, who was commanding the army at that time, began falling back toward Richmond. I never shall forget that trip as long as I live. The enemy overtook us at Williamsburgh and we had to fight; we had passed through Williamsburgh and had to go back and help Gen. Longstreet. About dawn the next morning we started toward Richmond. The roads were heavy and muddy and we were in a hurry to get away. Late in the evening, as we were going down a steep hill I noticed a little boy in my company crying. He was a plucky little fellow, named Mabry, and I asked him what he was crying for. He said he would rather stop and fight until he died than to run away from those d—d Yankees. We reached the breastworks at Richmond safely, and shortly after we were in the fight of Seven Pines, or as some called it, Fair Oaks. We were in it good that day, but when Gen. Johnson was wounded the fight soon stopped. Gen. R. E. Lee took command of the army

then and the seven days' fight around Richmond began soon after. The A. P. Hill division crossed the river first and those men did some of the best fighting of the war. Hill was a brave man and his men were good soldiers. Hill was always in front. The second day of the fight, D. H. Hill was ordered to go over the Mechanicville road and form a junction with Jackson. That evening was the hardest fighting I saw during the war. The Yankees fell back that night across the Chicahommy and burned bridges, fighting every step of the way until we got to Malvern Hill, where they held their line in spite of all we could do. We made one charge after another, but next morning they fell back to their gunboats at Harris' Landing, and that was the end of the Seven Days' Fight.

A few days after Gen. Jackson was ordered to meet Pope, who was put in command. He issued his orders from his headquarters in the saddle, and said he had been looking at the backs of the rebels from where he had been. Jackson met Pope at Leader Mountain and drove him back, then went around and got in his rear, burning his supplies and almost capturing him. Stewart got some of Pope's papers. Pope had to fall back from the Rappahannock river and look after Jackson, who was in his rear. Pope had sent McDowell to hold Thoroughfare Gap, to keep Longstreet from going through, and decided he himself would bag Jackson, so he ordered McDowell back, and in a short time Longstreet's division was going through the Gap. The second fight at Manassas was in good earnest. Pope had finally to fall back across the river. Fitz John Porter was ordered to move on Jackson and surround him, but Longstreet was coming with his forces and Porter had to face him. Pope always blamed Porter for this loss—but it was one time that Pope didn't get tired looking at our backs.

Daleville, Ala. J. J. Beckman.

## An Exciting Race, With a Little Mule in the Lead

It was in December, 1864. Sherman was besieging Savannah and General Iverson, in charge of a brigade of Wheeler's cavalry, was close in his rear watching results. The writer was with him as guide and courier, having been relieved of his "bomb-proof" job as special government agent for the collection of the "Farmers' Produce Tax" by Sherman's superior claim for everything in that line within fifteen miles of the Central Railroad between Macon and Savannah.

General Iverson having established headquarters I was in a measure relieved from duty and mingled with "the boys" in camp. On one occasion I joined Lieut. Clarke, of the 4th Ala. cavalry in a scout to pick up stray horses and make observations near the enemy's lines.

Our little scouting party was a typical one, illustrating in its make-up the waning cause of the Confederacy and the depleting effect on its resources of the long-drawn-out struggle.

It consisted, besides Lieut. Clarke and myself, of Dick and John, two seventeen-year-old recruits, who had enlisted under the "last call," the former mounted on a three-yearold colt, the latter on a stocky little mule that reminded one of a toy horse, and Sam K—, a lad of sixteen, whose widowed mother had, on the approach of Sherman, directed him to mount their only plow animal, "old Mollie," and join the cavalry.

A ride of six or seven miles brought us in the immediate vicinity of the army. Women and children in the roadside cottages were startled at our presence "right among the Yankees," and warned us not to go any further. But we assured them we could take care of ourselves and proceeded down the road. Our "order of advance," at this time, was as follows: Clarke and

myself, side by side, in the lead; about fifteen yards behind us Sam on old Mollie, then at a similar interval behind him Sam on the colt, and lastly, far to the rear, came John on the mule.

An old sow with two plump little roasters trotted across the road in front of us. "Look," said Clarke, "See what they have left us," and turning in his saddle he holloed to pick up one of the pigs.

Naturally all eyes were turned in the direction of Dick and the pigs. Just then, and as startling as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came a volley of pistol shots with bullets whistling so close we could "feel their breath," and looking ahead we beheld in the midst of smoke and dust and flashing sabers a body of Federal cavalry bearing down on us under a full charge. Sam exclaimed, "They are going to stampede us," and "old Mollie," rising on her hind feet, spun around and was "down to business." Dick regained the road and the colt was "off," as in a free-for-all quarter dash. The mule had likewise "about-faced," and he and his rider now seemingly moulded into one, appeared as a black dot in the white sand road.

"Hold your horse in," said Clarke, "we must keep the boys ahead of us."

But my inclinations were all for getting in front, and "Tip" seemed to share my spirit. However, I held him slightly. I glanced ahead. The boys had "bunched" and "neck and neck," were filling the road. I didn't like that. But soon old Mollie's "staying" qualities told in her favor and she shot ahead. The mule's short legs failed "to reach" and he dropped back to third place. We passed the cottage where the kind warning had been given, but we exchanged no greetings this time with the group on the front steps. We didn't have time. The firing seemed to slacken. Clarke looked over his shoulder. "Put your horse out," he said, "they are going to run us down."

I was already down on "Tip's" neck. I gave him the reins, and striking him with my open hand I said, with intense earnestness: "Go, Tip! go!" He responded nobly. But now we were right on the mule and I was about to make a bad wish for him. Just then we came to a place where some fence rails had been put over a mud-puddle in the road. The mule struck the rails. They turned, and down he went on his breast, his rider rolling off in the ditch at the road-side. "Tip" cleared mule and rails, but had scarcely landed on "terra firma" when I heard the horses behind us strike the rails. Once again I gave "Tip" an earnest stroke and urged him to go. We flew. I felt something strike my heel. I glanced down to see what it meant. There at my stirrup was that little mule's nose, his nostrils dilated, his half-shut eyes looking up with a pleading expression and his short legs, now seemingly increased to forty, were moving like the sticks of a kettle-drum. True to his training he was doing the "last act" in cavalry tactics—*saving himself*. There was yet a hundred yards to the wooded branch and the curve in the road. The mare and the colt were "getting there." Would we also be able to make it? Again I glanced at my stirrup. The mule's nose was right there; his head on a line with his neck. There was a splash, I felt my horse lean to the right, and "We are safe!" from Clarke, relieved the tension and ended the race.

We drew up on the side of the road to "catch breath" and exchange congratulations. The mule came up and stood between us, and as he swayed back and forth, his long ears keeping time with his body and his little eyes pleasantly winking, he seemed to be saying: "You thought they'd have me, but they didn't; you thought they'd get me, but they couldn't."

When we reached camp we found Sam and Dick stretched out before

the pine-knot fire soundly asleep, undisturbed by roast-pig dreams or life-and-death stampedes. Poor John had probably been captured and would soon be in a northern prison, where, according to Grant, he would be no more than a dead man to the Confederate States for the remainder of the war. B. M. ZETTLER.

Kirkwood, Ga.

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## One of the 56th North Carolina Volunteers Tells a Tale

On the 25th day of March, 1865, we, with about 2,000 of the old boys of the Confederate army, composed of Ransom's North Carolina, Elliott's South Carolina and Gracie's Alabama brigades, were captured in front of Petersburg, Va. We were captured by 100,000, more or less, of Gen. Grant's army. We were marched and counter-marched and pulled up at City Point about sundown, and turned into the barracks, or bull pen, as the boys called it. We were given some hard tack and hog flank for supper. We piled down on our blankets and slept. Sunday morning, the 26th, we feasted on hard tack, sow-belly and branch water; dinner, same; supper, same. About sundown a big freight vessel named *Sninado* pulled up to the wharf and we were escorted aboard. The bottom of the lower deck was covered three or four feet deep with coal and we slept nicely on that. We woke after sun-up, Monday morning, the 27th. We climbed out on the upper deck and found ourselves anchored about half a mile off Point Lookout, Maryland. That is an island containing 600 acres of land and was fitted up in regulation bull-pen style. After two or three hours waiting (for what, the Lord knows; we did not) we were pulled up to the wharf and escorted to an office where we registered and were searched and divested of everything they considered offensive or defensive, except our socks, which we had been wearing for several months without change. They would be offensive now, but not considered so in 1865. Anyway, we were assigned quarters. We found about 30,500 guests already quartered on the island when we went in. The prison proper was about 100 acres of the 600 acres enclosed with plank fence fifteen feet high, with a walk so near the top that the guards could walk around and see all over the grounds. The grounds were well ditched and laid out in wards, streets, main and cross streets. A number of wells were in each ward. We had to sweep the streets every morning and dump the rubbish in the bay. One loaf of bread was handed out in the morning and one No. 3 mackerel to each man. At 12 o'clock we received one pint of bean soup, seasoned with sheep heads, and they left the eyes in the heads to watch the cooks to see that they did not steal the beans out while they were cooking, or at least that's what the boys said. At 6 p. m. we suppered on the scraps that were left during the day.

Think of 30,000 men camped on 100 acres of land and half of said land covered with hospital buildings, offices, and commissary buildings, with nothing to do. About 30 men could get out each day and go to the boat landing to unload vessels laden with all kinds of commissary stores for man and beast. In addition, about an average of two vessels per week came in laden with drugs and coffins. Many poor fellows helped to unload their own coffins, as the death rate the three months we stayed over averaged thirty per day. Now this getting out to work was a big thing with the old boys. Not that we had good voices for work; far from it, but the privilege and a slim chance to swipe something to eat, spurred many to make the effort every morning, though they never got out.

J. D. SASSMAN.

Charlotte, N. C.

## Civil War Veterans Hear How Jefferson Davis Was Captured

(New Castle, Pa., Herald of June 6, 1911)

Before a number of the veterans of the Civil War, together with their wives and friends, the Rev. Hugh F. Givens, pastor of the First United Presbyterian church, last evening told the story of the cavalryman who personally captured Jefferson Davis, at the close of the great rebellion, and incidentally threw some light upon this detail of history that differs materially with the latest edition of the International Encyclopedia. That publication states that the story that Davis tried to escape in the attire of a woman is not true, but the New Castle pastor says the man who captured the great Confederate organizer found him disguised as a woman.

Another bit of historic side light thrown upon the character of Davis was shown in his treatment, some years afterward of the man who discovered and exposed him. Davis treated his former captor as a brother, giving the Northerner financial aid at a time when the latter was completely stranded. The whole story is an intensely interesting anecdote of war times, and the clergyman was given a vote of thanks by the assembled members of Post No. 100, G. A. R.

At the completion of his course for the ministry, Mr. Given was sent to Michigan. Among the parishioners of the church to which he was assigned was Andrew Bee, a veteran. The little town was Martin, Michigan, and Mr. Given was informed one day that Bee was dying of cancer of the stomach. While receiving spiritual comfort, the old soldier told the story.

He was a member of Colonel Pritchard's command and the colonel detailed Bee as one of a troop to pursue Jeff Davis, for whom a large reward was offered. They came upon the Davis party in a clearing in Georgia. So weary was the fugitive party that they had not put out a sentry. Andrew Bee rode up to one of the tents of the captured camp, and ordered the occupants out. What appeared to be three female forms appeared, and one of them asked permission for time to dress. This Bee granted. He had no idea, he said, that it was Davis or any of his family. In a moment, one of the women appeared again with a tin pail, followed by another woman who was told by the first one to go to a nearby spring and get water. As soon as the latter of the two women started for the spring, Bee noticed her peculiar stride. Glancing at her feet, he saw spurs and boots. An inspiration seized him, he said, and he shouted:

"Halt! you are Jeff Davis."

Other soldiers came running up then from the Union troop, and Davis, throwing off a shawl from his head that had covered his face, said:

"Boys, you have caught me."

He was clad in a rainproof coat called in those days, a gossamer. The shawl had concealed his face and beard. Colonel Pritchard then came up and later it was announced that his troop had captured the rebel leader. The other women were Mrs. Davis and her niece.

Andrew Bee was a Norwegian, well educated in his own language but not a very worldly wise man. He shared in the big reward that was given by the government for the capture. He took the money and bought a cotton plantation in Mississippi. He wanted to live in the South, having formed a liking for that section during the war. But he knew nothing of cotton raising and his neighbors, knowing him for a Union soldier, did not make it too pleasant for the Northerner. He finally lost all his money in the venture and when absolutely "broke" started to tramp back to Michigan, where he had enlisted from. Then it was that he came face to face with Jeff Davis one day in a southern city. He tried to

avoid the former great Confederate, but it was no use. Jeff Davis, seeing the sorry plight of the man who had prevented his escape into Mexico or South America, took Andrew Bee to dinner at the best hotel in the town, bought him an entire new outfit, secured his passage to Michigan and gave the Union soldier ten dollars in money.

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## A Most Remarkable Letter—An Old Union Soldier Sheds New Light Upon the Great War

EDITOR HARPOON:

Dear Sir: Some time ago I had the pleasure of having an article in the Harpoon read to me, in which you stated, indirectly, that the soldiers of the Union Army fought to free the negro and that you believed that if they had known that the negroes would have been made citizens and that the present conditions would have arisen in the South that they would have protested against it, or words to that effect.

Mr. Editor, I am in my 80th year, and know that I have only a few more years at best to remain on this earth. The Civil War was the one great event in my life and it is very painful to me in my old age to know that the good citizens of the South still mistake the real and sincere object of every loyal Union soldier who fought in that great war. Knowing that I must surely soon meet my God and standing on the brink of my grave, I most solemnly state that we fought you because we loved you. At the time I, and my two brothers, who sacrificed their lives early in the war, volunteered, we sincerely believed that the good people of the South needed the services of every good man in the North to help them put down the rebellion and *free themselves from a lot of political tricksters.*

The negro did not enter our minds. We thought that the slaves were owned by a few large wealthy planters, and that these planters had joined in with a lot of dissatisfied politicians for the purpose of overthrowing the government. We further believed that the majority of the good white people of the South, especially the *poor and laboring classes*, were far more oppressed than the negro, and that they were at the mercy of this combination of wealthy slave owners and politicians.

In other words we thought that the wealthy slave owners ruled and oppressed the South, and that the politicians were subservient to them just as the big trusts now rule and oppress the whole country with politicians doing their bidding. We did not know that the whole South was solid for the secession.

No, Mr. Editor, ten thousand times no, we did not fight you to free the negro. We knew and thought but little of him. We fought to free our white brothers in the South, and my two only brothers went to their death on the battlefield conscientiously believing that this was the cause for which they were fighting. We did not know at the beginning of the struggle that the negro was to be freed. However, when Mr. Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation we rejoiced because we thought this would break the backbone of this political-slave trust. As I stated above, we thought nothing and cared less about the negro, we really thought it was the masses of the white people who were being freed, and when the proclamation was issued, we thought the removal of the negro and the downfall of the slave trust and conspiring politicians would mean freedom and prosperity for the masses of Southern white people. I say *removal of the negro* because we confidently expected that he would be returned to Africa or colonized like the Indian.

Mr. Editor, that's why the grand army of the Republic fought. Of course there are a few exceptions, but you will

find that these exceptions were soldiers of fortune and believed in no cause, but were fighting for adventure. No, we were not following a negro banner, but we had always regarded this as a white man's country, and we followed the stars and stripes because we thought it meant freedom and liberty to the white man. This is how matters stood in so far as the real loyal Union soldier was concerned.

Alas, Mr. Editor, since that deplorable war many things have happened, and I have learned many things which I did not know before. Would to God that I could have perished as my brothers did, without learning these things. Years after the war I learned that the slaves were not owned by a moneyed and political combine who were oppressing the poor white man of the South. Countless thousands of Union soldiers are in their graves today for having fought to free you from something that did not exist. Too true it is, Mr. Editor, that through our ignorance we murdered thousands of your best citizens in order that a few New Englanders, who by the way, did not fight, might plunder and insult you.

I will say nothing about the negro. I am not disappointed in him, because I never expected anything good of him in the first place. But, Mr. Editor, until my dying day I will say that we who fought, and fought honestly, did not fight to free the negro, but had no object in view other than as I have stated it above, and that if we had known the real truth as we who survived afterwards learned it, and could have foreseen the evil results, quite a different history would have been written.

WILLIAM O'HARRA.

Lindelle, Oregon.

In *K. Lamity's Harpoon.*

# A Fish Tale

Oscar Lee

IN the April number of the magazine I gave a short account of our motor trip to Florida. In the story, I told of the many obstacles, the many breakdowns and other delays that usually occur when motoring on long trips. In the story I told how we started, also all about our trip as far as Jacksonville. I will now tell you where we journeyed from Jacksonville and what we did afterward.

We rested one day in Jacksonville, leaving that night via the Florida East Coast road for Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

By the way, Fort Lauderdale is on a big boom. The little town is situated on New river, just two and one-half miles from the Atlantic ocean; this river is made up from the waters of the Everglades. It runs right through the Everglades, and is a navigable river, large New York steamers could come right up to Fort Lauderdale if the channel through the inlet was deep enough. Fort Lauderdale is on a boom at present, for the reason that a few capitalists bought all the land around Fort Lauderdale, besides millions of acres of the Everglades, with all the river frontage. This property was thoroughly advertised throughout the East and West for several months by the parties having the management of the scheme.

Sale began March 15th and ran on till about April 1st. I was there when these bargain seekers (or, I might say, suckers) began coming to Fort Lauderdale. One day, about March 19th, I saw three long, heavily loaded trains

come to the place; at one time they simply filled the woods, as there was not house room for one-fourth of the crowd in town. More than a thousand tents were put up through the piney woods between March 15th and 20th. Fort Lauderdale two years ago had nearly 150 inhabitants, counting men, women and children and dogs.

The town had 5,000 inhabitants on March 20th; I was on the ground and counted. About 4,800 of these people came to this wonderful place to buy a small portion of the Everglades.

The Everglades is the best country in the whole world to raise alligators, rattlesnakes, mosquitos and malaria. Alligator hides sell for $3.00 to $6.00 apiece; rattlesnake skins bring from $3.00 to $5.00, according to size.

The Seminole Indians have had a monopoly of the Everglades for years and it is my opinion that they will continue. I am quite sure they will during the summer months, as they are the only things that can possibly live there all the year round, except the alligator and rattlesnakes and mosquitoes.

I promised to tell where our destination was, and I will say now that it was not Fort Lauderdale or the Everglades. We left the train and did stop longer in Fort Lauderdale than it was our wish. It took us a week to get there and I was requested to run by the postoffice and get the accumulated mail that traveled much faster than we did. Knowing all the party was in a hurry, also hungry, as we could get no breakfast and now it was late dinner time, I was expected to get the mail and get down to the river dock by the time our motor boat was cranked up and ready to go.

When I arrived at the post office I soon learned that I had no chance to rush any further—a crowd was lined up and it looked very much like a desperate crowd making a run on a weak bank. All sorts and colors of people stood in this line; I stopped and looked on for awhile; one end of the line-up reached into the postoffice and the other end going down the sidewalk about fifty yards. I finally walked up and asked one man if they were making a run on a bank or what the trouble was? He replied that they were making a run on the postoffice and this line-up was a continuous thing every day, all day long; I asked him how long it usually took for a fellow to get his mail; he said it depended entirely upon the line-up—said I could take my position and get to the window in one and a half hours. I did not take my position or get the mail, as I thought breakfast and dinner would be more pleasing to us all. I passed the little bank on the way down to the boat and saw the line-up there—almost equal to the postoffice; all this was on account of the sudden increase of population from 150 people to 5,000.

Land increased in value during the past two years from two and a half dollars per acre, to two and a half thousand dollars per acre. This latter, of course, being right in town.

But I was going to the boat. Our party was comfortably seated and waiting for me and their mail. They got me, but no mail.

Our Leader, as usual, was in a hurry to get off; baggage, guns, and all other things packed away in the boat, nothing now to trouble or keep us longer. Orders were given to go ahead; the boatman began to crank the engine; he cranked faithfully for nearly half an hour, but there was no response; we began to get nervous: even Uncle Jimmie did. Finally the boatman quit cranking and began working on his spark plug; he would crank a little and work on his engine a little. The curiosity of the crowd on the pier continued to grow larger until we had almost as many lined up to see us as was at the bank and postoffice.

Major suggested another boat, and he was requested to arrange for one, which

he did, and we were soon off to Losolas, on Hammock Beach, the prettiest place in all Florida. We were met by the lady members of our party, who were glad to see us arrive. We enjoyed breakfast and dinner at one time.

After a few days rest we began trying our luck fishing. We went out the first time, but had no luck at all. We tried Monday, same result; also Tuesday, just a few crabs, a few bites and no fish. We all were getting hungry for fish, so our Leader planned a fishing trip.

We only had one little weak motor boat and I felt sure it was a great risk going outside in such a craft, so I played sick and did not go. I am giving with this story a snap shot picture that I took myself of the party that did go, and also of the party that never would have returned to make this picture had not a passing boat picked them up and brought them in. They lost their little motor boat on this trip and they cannot yet realize how near they came to losing themselves.

They had fine luck fishing, as they always do, out on the Grooper Banks. The Grooper Banks are out about three miles; the water is about 150 feet deep. It is no trouble to catch all the big fish you want. This picture shows all the party that went on the fish. Major holds up one end of the pole. Only 300 pounds of fish are in this lot, this being the usual catch. You will see in this picture our Leader, his son, Major and Major's brother, whom we all call "Uncle Jimmie." The old colored man is Uncle Steve Hill, caretaker for Losolas.

We now have a good motor boat, also a sea-going yacht. It is as safe on the Grooper Banks now as it is up New river and much safer than the Everglades.

# The Baby Show

YOU never saw anything like the way the Baby Show pictures came pouring in the last week of the contest. It seemed as though the Photographers' Trust should at least send an engrossed set of "resolutions of thanks" for the added business they thus secured by the Jeff's Baby Show.

And a great many people are sending letter like this: "I sent you my Johnnie's picture in the first part of May, and I haven't seen him in the Baby Show yet." Sometimes the letters are very peevish, and that makes the usually high spirits of the Baby Show Editor swing down so, everybody in the offices notices it, and wants to know what's the matter.

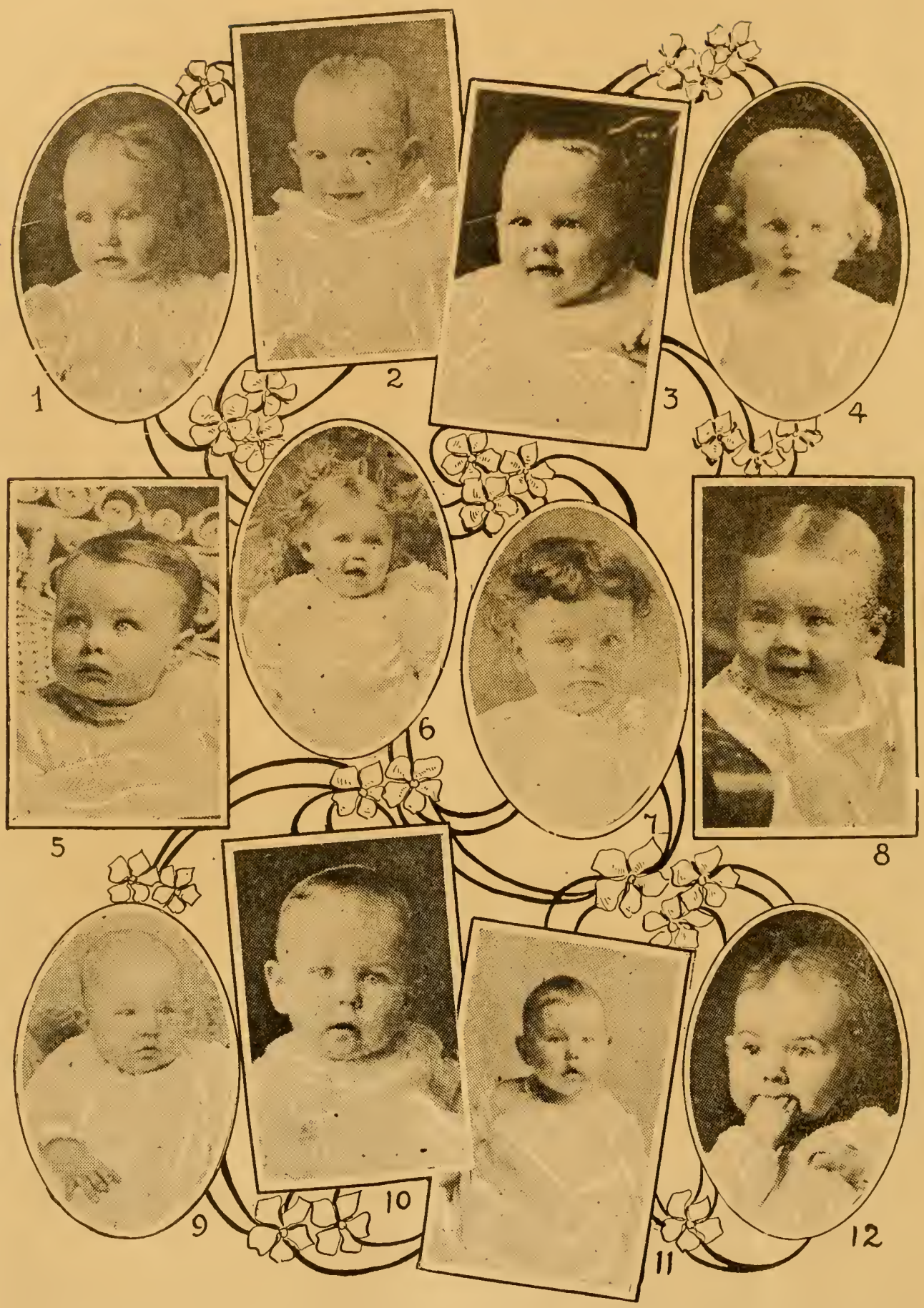
To the Baby Show Editor, all babies are beautiful; if possible, every one of the little boys would get a phonograph or a gold watch, and every blessed little girl would get a bracelet or a locket and chain.

But, fortunately for the Baby Show Editor's peace of mind (and also it's a good thing for *The Jeff's* bank account), the judging is to be done by some men, perfectly heartless and, therefore, cool, deliberate judges.

Do you remember about the poor little tots who were lost from their names? Awful, wasn't it? Most as bad as Peter Pan, and he lost only his shadow, you know.

Well, some of these little ones have had folks kind enough to sympathize with a Baby Show Editor who loses babies' names, and we have been able to christen some of them.

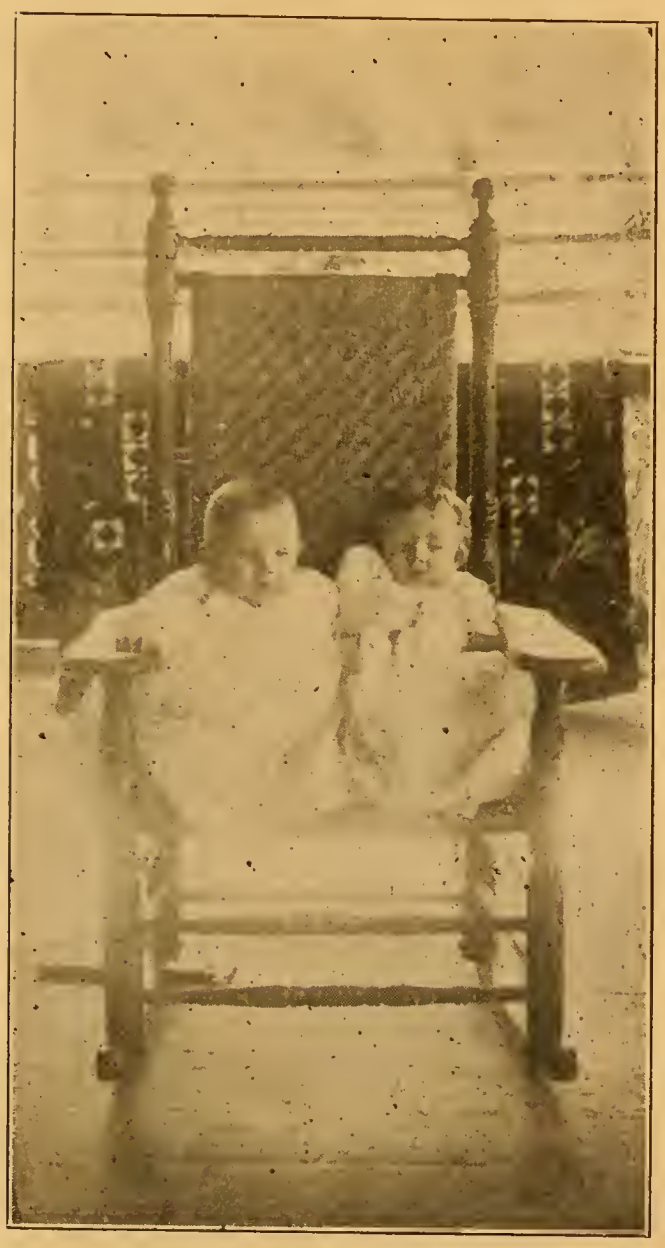
If you will look in your June magazine you will find that cunning little




1. Henry Alma Womble, 11 months, Tennille, Ga. 2. Charley Millard Matthews, 7 months, Byron, Ga. 3. Chas. Donald Turrentine, 6 months, McKinny, Tex. 4. Lillie Mildred Brown, 18 months, Royston, Ga. 5. Carolyn Wright, 9 months, Seneca, S. C. 6. Rosa Belle Tootie, 14 months, Glennville, Ga. 7. Laura May Lowe, 7 months, Marietta, Ga. 8. Felton Joseph West, 6 months, Iredell, Tex. 9. Arthur Lafayette Hubbard, Jr., 3 months, Fortson, Ga. 10. William Jackson Howard, 11 months, Sylvania, Ga. 11. Elva Morris Pegford, 6 months, Toomsuba, Miss. 12. Sallie Sue McCay, 8 months, Martin, Ga.

chap who is asking if he may see what's inside that rattle is Sylvester E. Moate, aged eleven months, and a citizen of Mitchell, Georgia.

The handsome, philosophical young chap, whom we could only introduce as "C" in our June issue, proves to be



Emory Thomas and Emma Sue Fletcher, 9 months. Tyton, Ga.

Master Cecil Watson Larimore, one of the kind of babies Texas is so proud of. The little chap is two years old and he looks as though he cheerfully accepted our apology for having kept his name so long from the big lot of admirers he made when his picture appeared in June.

The young man whom we had to label "D," and who is preparing to do a high-dive act is Lowell Plummer Fly, seven and a half months old, and one of the handsomest babies in his class.

Even though we felt so badly about not giving him his name, you will please note that Joseph Hughdon Law, whom you will see designated as "F," was quite pleasant about it, and bears us no hard feeling whatever, bless his

SAMUEL GUNN,
(Two years). Crawfordville, Ga.

heart. It's a safe bet he will grow into the sort of chap who will smile when the coffee is cold and the beefsteak tough. His home is Horton, Alabama, and he is one year old.

In the same class belongs Leonard Hening Sirells, whom we had to label "G," and you can see how hard he tried to tell us what his real name was, but newspaper work and running Baby Shows makes one frightfully dense, and we had to wait for the devoted daddy of this most delightful baby to

WILLIAM DARRELL BYARS,
(Four months).

James Walter Trammel,
8 months. Muscogee, Fla.

Evelyn Imogene Barker,
Fairview, Oregon.

ELIZABETH REID,
(Two years). Rochelle, Ga.

write and tell us the little chap's name. Leonard lives in Chipley, Ga. He's two years and five months old, and it's a certainty that Santa Claus always brings him everything he asks for.

It doesn't seem hard for a girl to

EMRY JORDAN RAGAN,
(Two years). Cuthbert, Ga.

lose her name for awhile; she changes it anyway, you know, but we did feel badly not to be able to tell little Miss Juliette Rountree just how sorry we were. She is "H" in the nameless collection, and every time we looked at her photograph, she plainly asked us what we intended to do about it. And we honestly didn't know, until her mother took pity on us, and sent the dear little lady's name. Miss Juliette is four months old, and her home is Graymont, Ga.

You will note the beautiful group of babies on page 177. We simply had

HAZLE OREAR,
Atlanta, Texas.

to devise some way of getting in more of the pictures each month, and hit on this plan.

The other babies presented also speak for themselves, and we hope everyone is enjoying the Baby Show as much as it was hoped they would.

It is hard to tell when all the photographs will be published, but indications are it will take until November to present them all.

## AS TO COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Some time ago I received a letter containing certain inquiries on this subject. Not being able to answer them myself they were referred to Prof. E. C. Branson, of the State Normal School of Georgia.

The nature of the questions sufficiently appears from his answers, for which he has my hearty thanks.

June 8, 1911.

Hon. T. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson: Your letter of the 30th ult. came to my desk during my little vacation. I am answering the inquiries of Mr. W. W. Turner as follows:

(1 and 2). The states that do not have compulsory education laws are Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Texas. All the rest do have such laws. North Carolina has a compulsory education law under the county local option plan. That is to say, the law is in force only when the majority of the people in the county vote for it. Arkansas has such a law with certain counties exempt. In Kentucky the law is confined for the most part, to the cities. Texas adopted the law about 20 years ago, and repealed it after trial.

(3.) The children are compelled to attend school from 8 consecutive weeks, to the full term. The law varies greatly in the different states.

(4.) Our common schools need to be greatly improved in every way before children are compelled to attend them. In my opinion, this is the first and most important question. Compulsory education is supposed to increase average attendance, and decrease illiteracy. As a matter of fact, it does neither. In the New England States, where these laws have been longest in force, there is an increase in illiteracy during the last 60 years. Illiteracy among native white voters in Massachusetts increased twenty fold from 1840 to 1900. In Aroostook County, Maine, and Clinton County New York, more than one-fifth of the native white voters can neither read their ballots nor write their names. And there is a similar showing for all of the compulsory education states.

(5.) In the Southern states having compulsory education laws, there is power in Boards of Education to enforce the law or not, as they may see fit. This means, of course, that they do not see fit to enforce the law with the negroes. Greatly as they need a sensible kind of education, they do not need any more of the kind they are getting at present. I do not see how the law tends to breed social equality; since, in the South, at least, there must be separate schools for the races.

(6.) Nor do I see how the law benefits the school-book houses, since nowhere in America does the law increase the attendance upon the schools. I do not, for a moment, believe that the teachers advocate such a law in order to increase their salaries. It certainly would increase their work if the law were really effective. For instance: If it were really effective in Georgia, it would more than double the attendance upon schools; and if it doubled the expenses of common school education at the same time, our State tax rate would not raise upon our total taxable wealth a sum sufficient to pay the bill. If it were really effective, the law would bankrupt the State. There would be not one cent left for the old soldier, the insane, the blind and the deaf, or the civil establishment. I do not fear such a result because the history of these laws in other states shows that they are dead letters, just as a former U. S. Commissioner of Education has said.

The compulsory education law, proposed at present in Georgia, simply makes the County Boards of Education the guardians of neglected children. They may, or may not, in their discretion, compel the fathers to send their children to school.

There is nothing hurtful in the law. The purpose of it is noble, and I can see no dangers in it. But, as a matter of fact, it will not accomplish what the noble advocates of it desire and expect. I say this with the history of compulsory education laws of the United States at my right hand.

Very truly,
E. C. BRANSON.

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## AS TO AN INTERNATIONAL TRUST.

Mr. Watson: Having been a reader of your magazine since its first appearance in New York, I need not consume space in saying that I admire your writings, al-

though we do not always agree. In the May issue, under the caption of "The Progressive Democrats and the Old Pops," I find this in italics:

"If the people should put upon the free list those articles which are made the subject of the Trusts, the foreigner could at once invade the market, and destroy the monopoly upon which the Trust is based."

Is it not true that capitalism is international, and that an international trust on almost any article is possible? Is it not a fact that American capital is invested in quite all civilized nations, and that the capitalists of those nations have investments here?

Take, for example, coffee. It is on the free list. Of the world's output from 80 to 85 per cent. is said to be grown in the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil. Through government manipulation English, German, French, Dutch and American capitalists control the coffee market and have succeeded in advancing the price in New York from 6 1-2 cents per pound in December, 1908, to 13 1-2 cents in December, 1910. (See Congressional Record, April 29, page 711.)

If international capital can control coffee, why can't it control any other necessity—tariff or no tariff?

PHIL. A. HAFNER.

Benton, Mo., May 6, 1911.

**Answer.**

Such products as coffee, tea, spice, pepper and champagne wine can easily be cornered and monopolized because of the limited supply. This supply does not admit of vast expansion. Nature confines their production to limited areas.

But when it comes to cotton, corn, wheat, and the manufactures of ordinary row materials, we have a totally different situation. There is practically no limit to production. Therefore, unless a ship trust were possible, no international trust could control output and prices.

A ship trust is impossible, for the reason that the ocean is free to everybody. Competition will always "ride on the ocean wave."

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## HOW A READER FARED AT THE HANDS OF THE WASHINGTON NEWS COMPANY.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: For some time I have been reading with eager interest and much profit your very excellent magazine which I procure from a local news dealer. On yesterday I called for the June issue and was informed that it was being held up by the postoffice department by reason of the publication therein of an article on religion.

To one who has been reared where this particular sect are vastly in the majority and who knows how the votes were manipulated by them in the last national campaign as well as in many another, this action on their part to influence in their favor the successful campaign manager who is now at the head of the postoffice department, will cause no surprise.

What you have stated throughout your series of articles on the Roman Hierarchy is only too true—and there is just where the shoe pinches, although "The American Citizen," of Boston, has been for years endeavoring to say the same thing, but has never, so far as I know, shown this same cult to be the direct successor of the old pagan religion, all of whose thunder they stole, as conclusively proven by you.

There is a dark religious blot on the map of Kentucky whose centre may be located at Bardstown, in that state, a section peopled by the descendants of the Catholic Lord Baltimore colonists in Maryland, who emigrated in great numbers to that locality about the end of the 18th century, and it was there I was born of a protestant family. Living in a community where the emancipated minds of protestantism were to the narrow prejudices of Romanism as something like one to twenty, I grew up where free educational opportunities were openly stifled by these papal emissaries, who denounced the public school system from the pulpit as the "seats of hell fire"; where the conduct between monks and nuns was notorious and infamous; where, about 1868, an abbott was thrown into a dungeon in a neighboring monastery by a usurping abbott and confined there—against the laws of the land—on bread and water for years until (about 1885) accidentally liberated during a ceremonial, this unfortunate old foreigner, ignorant of his rights under the law and too fearful of the ecclesiastical frown to invoke its aid, dying the next day at my uncle's home from exhaustion and fright; where, in this same monkery, I have seen it publicly advertised in large print at an imitation of the grotto of Lourdes that "40 days' indulgence will be granted any one who will kneel at this shrine and repeat the litany of the Blessed Virgin"; where it was not uncommon, as displaying the inward feeling of these people, to be told that "we Catholics know you Protestants are all going to hell—and we don't care a d—n." So the story you are telling is not new to me and all others who come in daily contact with Romanists in the ascendency, but it will be a revelation to those thousands who dwell in Protestant communities and who have given the matter but superficial thought and have no conception of this menace to our American in-

stitutions. The power of this organization in our country at present is alarming, and unless the people are soon aroused to the danger threatening them and take prompt measures to control it by a strict enforcement of the statutes as regards our public school system and putting an end to the shipping in of countless hordes of foreign scum, we can but be fearful of the outcome.

It was not my purpose to digress into these details, but to ask for information as to the specific charge on which your magazine is detained, and when we may expect the June issue. May I suggest that you make no compromise; that you use every honorable means to give this matter publicity; and fight this matter to a glorious victory, for thousands of free minds are with you in sympathy—and financially, if need be—in your plain statements of historical truths.

Sincerely,
SAMUEL FORREST POTTINGER.
Hyattsville, Maryland.

Comment.

As stated elsewhere, the Washington News Company lied, when it said that Postoffice Department had put the ban on my magazine. The copies which the corporation refused to sell had already passed through the mails without molestation. Therefore, the postal authorities had no further jurisdiction over it.

The Washington News Company is controlled by that criminal and cruel trust, The American News Company—which, in turn is dominated by the Roman Catholic priests. In refusing to sell our June number, the Washington end of the New York criminal trust obeyed the orders of the New York end.

The Roman wolves have damaged me thousands of dollars, through The American News Company; and it is my settled purpose, now, to fight back. Else, they will ruin me. T. E. W.

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## ANOTHER SUFFERER FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC TACTICS OF CONFISCATION AND SUPPRESSION.

Dear Mr. Watson: On June 5th, I was arrested by a United States Deputy Marshal and taken before the Federal court in Peoria, Ill., and compelled to give bond to the amount of $5,000 for my appearance before the October term, to answer to the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails.

The literature in question is a circular advertising one of my books, which is an exposure of corrupt political conditions in this State and the workings of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the country. I understand my enemies take exception to some pictures which are on the circular, but which are not in the book. My attorneys say the circular is not a violation of the Federal statute, but I am in grave danger, as the courts in this part of the country are not noted for dealing out justice. Besides the Roman Church is all powerful in this State.

This trouble upsets all my plans for the future. I had all arrangements made to start South on a lecture trip and had so routed my work that I would be in Thomson on July the 4th. I desired to attend your celebration and have a personal talk with you about the work. It is becoming more difficult each year to carry on the work in this State. The Roman element is in political control here. They dominate our courts, control our cities and are rapidly getting control of our business enterprises.

During the past winter I lectured considerably in the South. I find that the Southern States are not dominated by this foreign scum as is the North. During the last few months I have been thinking that I might transfer my lecture work to the South and assist in building up the circulation of your splendid publications. If you think this communication worthy I would like to see it in your publications, that your readers may have another lesson as to the power of the Papacy in our country. I will keep you posted as to the progress of this case and hope to meet you in the future.

Yours faithfully,
WM. LOYD CLARK.

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## LEE'S FOURTH READER, A PRO-CATHOLIC BOOK.

Dear Sir: I desire to ask the follow-in questions, through the Educational Department of your magazine:

(1.) Do you think the poem by Longfellow, in Lee's Fourth Reader, headed, "The Sermon of St. Francis," good food for the minds of Georgia school children? (Page 123.)

(2.) In giving an account of the life of Raphael (beginning page 125), why does the writer, whose name does not appear in the book, go into detail in describing the Vatican and "The Sistine Chapel, the most beautiful room in the Vatican?"

(3.) The same thing is repeated on page —, beginning 294, where a biographical sketch of Michael Angelo is given.

Now, the paramount question is: If our children in the public schools of Georgia have to be taught a lesson concerning "the beautiful Vatican," and "The Greatness of the Pope," why not give Protestants an equal showing in our readers to have a

lesson on "The beautiful things concerning themselves?"

(4.) Notice the pictures that appear in said Reader: "The Three Fates," "The Statue of Moses," "St. Cecilia," "The Madonna of The Chair" (the paintings by Millet in the Third Reader—The Angelus, etc.) and tell us if you think they are likely to make good impressions on the tender minds of Protestant children?

I would certainly appreciate an answer to the above questions in the next issue of your magazine. Fraternally yours,

J. R. BUREL.

Dacula, Ga.

**Answer.**

(1.) No. The "poem" has no truth in it, no poetry in it, and no sense to it. It is one of those Roman Catholic legends which only an enfeebled mind could find worthy of place in a book.

(2.) The author is evidently a Roman Catholic, putting into a Protestant schoolbook a sly piece of work for "his mother church."

(3.) The priests hate our public schools, but they have lots to do with the textbooks used in them, and in the control of them.

(4.) Yes; it is all very suggestive. As we Protestants are not supposed to take any stock in "Saints," the complacency with which they are represented in "Lee's Fourth Reader" is extremely objectionable.

It is a shame that the name and the picture of Gen. R. E. Lee should be prostituted to make this pro-Catholic book popular in the South. T. E. W.

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## MORE LIGHT ON THE NORTH CAROLINA NEY.

May 18, 1911.

Dear Sir: Some one in North Carolina with whom P. S. Ney boarded, gave this testimony: One evening about dark a stranger rode up and asked for lodging over night, and was refused on account of not having room, but the young man begged so hard, he was allowed to stay and on going in to supper took a seat on the opposite side of the table from P. S. Ney. Some sign of recognition passed between them. The young man would not give his name. After supper Ney and the stranger left the house. The young man was never seen again, but an old negro who belonged to the family said he saw them behind a straw stack, could hear them talking but could not understand what they were saying. About daybreak the young man left. It was thought at the time it was Mr. Ney's son. The above was told to me by a gentleman here, who has passed away.

The person, I think, with whom P. S. Ney lived, gave such an account to Mr. Weston, which was published along with other testimony in his book. Now, when the Weston book was ready for print, Mr. Weston received a letter from a foreign gentleman which read something like this: "I was well acquainted with P. S. Ney's history before his escape to the United States. When a young man I visited this country for the purpose of seeing P. S. Ney and found him in —— County, North Carolina. After supper we retired to a straw stack and talked over matters. I have never seen him since. His identity is a profound secret. He was a fugitive from justice. If his identity had been made known, his friends in France would have been put to death. He was born — —, 1769. Even now his identity can not be fully made known." Mr. Weston said he could not give this gentleman's name. It is known only to his publisher, Mr. Whittaker and himself. The testimony of the aforesaid person from North Carolina and the aforesaid letter were printed together in the appendix of the book. I cannot help but think Ney's family knew of his escape. When Mr. Weston was in France, it may be he saw the marshal's sons, though he made no mention of it in his work (that I recall), but mentions, when in London, he met Sir William Fraser, who told him he doubted Ney's execution, that the official report bore the record of falsehood.

P. S. Ney was looked upon as the greatest man in the community. He lived an honorable, straightforward life. His word was as good as his bond. He was, in appearance, physically, mentally and in every way similar to the great marshal. His knowledge of war (especially the Napoleonic campaign), and description of the battle in which he figured, the minor details that no historian has ever penned, his dying testimony, etc., all showed that he was one very near to the great emperor. His believing that Napoleon II was poisoned (I think he was 21 years old when death claimed him) is rather singular, but history during the time of the Bourbon restoration and for many years after could easily have been made to suit the Bourbon dynasty.

It may be that Ney, Soult and others were in the plot from the return of Napoleon, and the brining back of the Great Conquerer in an "iron cage" was purely a blind of Ney's to deceive the king as to his real design.

I think the time near at hand when the remains of Napoleon II will be taken back to Paris, and I believe the time will come when the remains of the great Marshal Michael Ney will be taken from the

grave in Rowan County, North Carolina, and carried back to France.

Most truly yours,
H. H. NEWTON, JR.

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## COMMENDATION FROM A PREACHER WHICH IS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

New Bern, N. C., June 12, 1911.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Brother: As a Baptist minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I want to commend your noble efforts for the magnificent way in which you are exposing the error and paganism of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy.

You are rendering protestantism a service in this day and generation that will live on and on after you have passed "over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

I am a young man, and on that account, have waited for older heads to take the initiative in sounding the alarm to 'rouse our people to a realization of the cunning and the planning, and the politicing of the Roman Catholic Church in its efforts to usurp our religious liberties and shoulder upon the freemen of free America a form of servitude not to be compared with anything we have suffered since the founding of this glorious republic.

Hit 'em hard, and the God of all Grace be with you. Fraternally,
ALLEN C. SHULER.

### Comment.

I thank God for such letters as the foregoing. They put new life into me. Sometimes, it almost breaks me down, when they tell me of the denunciations showered upon me by **Protestant** clergymen. Heavens above! Who is making a harder fight for Protestant principles than I am? Who is risking more to make that fight?

Preachers! quit this intemperate abuse of **your best friend.**

Let us, if we must, disagree about Foreign Missions, on which topic there is ample room for honest differences of opinion.

Get behind me in this nation-wide battle against Roman Catholic encroachment. We have not an hour to lose. If we would preserve the liberties for which our forefathers fought eight long years, we must gird on the armor of our militant faith and go forth to meet its most insidious, most unsleeping, most unscrupulous enemy.

Men of God! **Read** what I have written before you condemn me.

In combatting me and impairing my influence for good, **you know not what you do.**

If you are the right sort of men, you will rue it, with bitter, unavailing tears, some day. T. E. W.

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## AN APPRECIATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HISTORY.

I am reading with much interest and most hearty approval, your articles in your monthly magazine, on the Roman Catholic Church and at the risk of being considered presumptuous will suggest a few proof texts which may have escaped your notice. You rightly say that it was the fact confessed by Peter: "Thou art the Christ, which is the foundation upon which the church is built." 1 Cor. 3:11.

As to the keys given to Peter, the second chapter of Acts shows him opening the door to the Jews, and the tenth chapter opening the door to the Gentiles; thus was the promise fulfilled.

In 2 Thesolonians, 2d chapter, you will find the predicted origin, character and destiny of the Pope or Romish Church. Bear in mind that at the time it was written the Roman government was pagan and must become nominally christian, as when Constantine was enthroned, before a false Christ, in authority could be developed. The description of the "Man of Sin," so graphically portrays the pretentions and character of the Pope that there can be no mistake as to his meaning. In 1870, I think, he was stripped of all temporal power, in fulfillment of other prophecies, never to be regained, but his sway over the mind and conscience of man will continue until the Lord comes. Verse 8. And when we remember that all the different sects of Protestants originally came out of the Church of Rome and brought with them much of the paganised christianity of the mother church we can readily understand how so many false doctrines have come to be articles of faith in all orthodox churches.

The Saviour says: "In vain do you worship me, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men," and the prophet says: "To the law and the testimony; if they speak not according to these, it is because there is no light in them." Judging from expressions in your writings, I conclude that you yourself are no exception, but indorse some of these Romish errors, such as the immortality of the soul, which is nowhere taught in the Bible, but on the contrary, it teaches that man is mortal and that there is no hope of a future life except by the resurrection of the body as is conclusively shown in 1st Cor., 15th chap. and verse 18, and its con-

nection, though there are very many other proof texts, that the righteous go to heaven when they die, in the face of Acts 2:34, and too many proofs to refer to that the righteous will be immortalized and rewarded **in the earth**, at His appearing and His kingdom, and many other false doctrines that originated in the Church of Rome, and nullifies and makes void the Word of God. It is for this corrupting of the truth that I hate the "old whore."

Now, I am not writing in any spirit of controversy but I have seen in your writings such manly independence on most subjects that I consider it a pity that you should be a slave to tradition and preconcieved opinion and it occurred to me that you might be induced to look into this matter and determine for yourself in view of the fact that your life in the age to come is contingent upon a correct faith and obedience.

Pardon the presumption of a very old man who sees much in your to admire and whose prayers and best wishes are for your usefulness in this life and happiness in the age to come.

Sincerely yours,

J. C. WRIGHT.

Whelen Springs, Ark.

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## ANOTHER LOOK AT THE "FOREIGN MISSION" CRAZE.

Dear Sir: A daughter of mine, living in your state, has sent her brother your magazine for the present year and it is the first time I have ever seen a copy of it, though I have frequently heard of the editor.

I read, with a great deal of interest, your article, "Is this Mission Work Scriptural?" Here are two incidents which help to prove you are right: A niece of mine said to me, "My friend, Miss ——, told me she expects to go to China as a missionary next Friday." "Why? is she a fanatic or a nonetity?" "Neither, she is shrewd enough to know that she can get a good fat salary and do nothing much to earn it; her prominent trait is **laziness**—therefore a missionary." My niece is a practicing physician, so of course meets with a great many people.

My husband had charge of a gold mine in Georgia and while there was told the following by a man who was "a preacher in that state struggling along on a mere pittance," and at the time of the incident was driving from one church to deliver a sermon at another when he passed a buggy with two old people in it and as they passed the woman put her head out and called back, apparently to some one down the road: "You shut up and go into the house." The preacher drove on and in a short distance saw a young girl near the road crying, who, on seeing him, ran up to the buggy and begged him to take her away—anywhere, just so she got away. He talked to her, quieted her down (for she was as angry as she could be) and got her story. It seems she had helped "Pop" at the farming and he had just been paid for his cotton and she wanted a hat and shoes, but her parents had taken the money to an out-door meeting to **collect money for the missions** and would not give her the desired hat and shoes; so this man took her to the "corner store," bought her the "hat and shoes," went back home with her and remained all night, she being alone. The next day he drove her to the meeting and when she found her "Pop" and "Mom" standing together, she walked right up to them and, with a great deal of triumph, said, "Yes, I got a new hat and shoes and I know now how to get more, and I don't have to work for them, either." The parents stood dumbfounded. The man then spoke to the parents. When he was done the father handed a fair roll of notes to his wife, with the remark, "Here, Mom, you can do as you like with it." The mother then turned to the daughter and promised her regular weekly wages if she would stay at home and at last the girl was persuaded to do so. Evidently, to their ignorant, superstitious minds, it was more praiseworthy to give to the missions (which to them meant the Lord) than to give to the girl, who had honestly helped earn the money.

You are right when you say that **greed** is the cause of it all. Eliminate the almighty dollar and the whole system would be abolished. With many well wishes for your success in the crusade,

I remain, heartily,

Malvern, Pa. (Mrs.) M. A. KELLER.

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## THE TRUTH OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HISTORY.

The following letter was sent by a **Jeff** reader, to a friend:

Dear Dr.: I am sending you herewith the March and April numbers of **Watson's Magazine**; see pages 101-107, March, and pages 191-194, April.

The March article will give you a faint idea of the cross-examination questions, etc., asked of penitents (particularly young, even very young girls, young women and married women) in the confessional.

Again I repeat, you only get a faint idea of what happens in the confesisonal and through it from said article. It is what I would call a very good and reasonable expose. It takes an ambassador or ex-ambassador of Christ to do it justice.

**"Progressive Poultry Culture."** By Arthur Brigham, B.S., Ph.D. $1.50, postpaid. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and 29-33 West 42d St., New York City.

It isn't hard for many of us to recall the slap-dash, happy-go-lucky class of farmers who, somehow, managed to live long enough to often save enough to bury them.

Farm life was a gamble. It was either too cold for the crops, or too hot, or too dry, or not dry enough.

Cattle thrived, or they didn't; chickens hatched, to run the gamut of chicken fate and live to self-respecting, egg-laying hen age, or to grace a table at a meal, or else die in the throes of pip or any of the other chicken ailments which deprived so many farmers' wives of new hats, dresses and missionary money.

But that's all changed now; the farmer's profession is being treated with the same thought, and is accorded the same dignity of any other branch of learning.

It takes learning and intelligence to be a successful farmer, and we are having some splendid books to prove this is so.

In the May number of Watson's Magazine, we spoke of a book, "Southern Field Crops," which every farmer in the South should read.

And this month we are proud to be able to bring before the notice of our Southern farmers and their families, another book which will be of more value to them probably, than any book or any series of articles they may read on that most profitable of all farm industries—chicken raising.

The author of the book, Professor Arthur A. Brigham, is principal of the school of agriculture, in the South Dakota College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. He is a man so devoted to his work that his ready sympathy for every branch of farm work has found expression, not only in the book on chicken culture, but in many articles published by the agricultural papers of the West.

The book is made up systematically—as all books of instruction should be; the advantages and disadvantages of the poultry raising, as a business, are shown; the personality of the one engaging in it, the importance of it, and the classification of what might be "raising for profit, for show, and for pastime."

Other chapters are: "Principles and practice of poultry breeding," "Incubation," "Brooding," "Growing Chickens," and so on, down through all the ills the young chick is heir to, and the cures thereof—to the marketing.

Methods and management are fully and carefully discussed.

Given a book of this sort, and reading it intelligently, the amateur poultry raiser will benefit to the saving of many dollars; and the seasoned poultry raiser will also benefit, as it will introduce him to simple, desirable methods of also saving many dollars and much time. A. L. L.

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## THE DOWNFALL OF A WONDERFUL GENIUS.

**"Waterloo."** The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

Speaking of France, the people of that great nation will never forget the battle fought in front of the village of Mont Saint Jean, Belgium, where Napoleon I. was overwhelmingly crushed by Wellington and Blucher. However, the victory was long doubtful, and it was not till the Prussians, at the critical moment, came to the assistance of the hard pressed English army, whilst Marshal Grouchy, disobeying orders, held aloof from the field, that the French, despite the heroic bravery of the veteran warriors, were totally defeated on that day in June, 1815. Hon. Thomas E. Watson, the author of "The Story of France," an admirable work, has written a small book entitled "Waterloo," which is a most remarkable and skilful study of that famous engagement. It would seem from what Mr. Watson has to say on the subject that the great general who came to be known as the "iron duke," had no special liking for this Blucher. "Reading Wellington's official report of the battle, one would believe that the Prussians arrived after the fight was won, and that they had nothing to do but chase the defeated." After mentioning Napoleon's escape from Elba and how the eyes

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of all Christendom were fastened upon him in that month of June, 1815, and asking "Why every liberal in Europe did not realize that in Napoleon's fate, at that time, was bound up the best interests of the human race?" the author writes: "Behind the confederated kings lurked the ancient regime and anxious to stamp out the revolutionary principles, which had been lifting the masses and lowering the monstrous pretensions of the classes; and Metternich, the prime minister of those kings, had declared, 'With such principles there can be no peace.'" Having accounted for the absence of the emperor's old comrades—Jannes, Junot, Bessierer, Oudinot, Massena, Suchet, Gouvion Saint-Cyr, Kellerman, Moucey, Barnadotte, Marmont, Augereau, Macdonald, Mortier, Berthier, Murat, Davout, etc.—Mr. Watson asks: "What of the composition and temper of the army with which the great captain was to make his last campaign? The officers did not possess the confidence of the troops and were themselves without confidence in the star of Napoleon. But he could not inspire others with a faith he did not himself feel, and we have overwhelming evidence to the effect that he was greatly depressed, filled with forebodings. It was in the troops of the rank and file that confidence lay. These were in a frenzy of enthusiasm for their emperor and of hatred against his enemies." But these soldiers distrusted the generals and marshals. Soult, the chief of staff, was wholly incompetent, leading officers disobeyed positive orders, some of them went over to the enemy, and Napoleon was so completely overworked by those 100 previous days that he was without strength, readily falling asleep in his chair. The description of the engagement is a thrilling narrative showing knowledge of detail and keen critical ability. Speaking of Wellington, the author says: "That he should have won the title of the 'iron duke' is significant. He was never known to laugh. It is doubtful if any human being ever loved him. His wife did not; his sons did not; his officers did not; his soldiers did not; yet he had the unbounded confidence of his army." And a few pages further along he remarks that had the Prussian hero Blucher been as craftily selfish there would have been no Waterloo: "Verily, those who say there is no such thing as luck have never studied the history of the Hundred Days." Toward the end the author declares that within three days and within the radius of a few miles more than 70,000 men were shot down, to force on the French a king and system which they detested, and to prevent the spread of democratic principles to other countries where sovereigns and aristocracies were in power. Then, "To St. Helena and a few years of torture: to hopeless captivity and bitter inbrooding that eat the heart out; to the depths of humiliation and the canker of impotent rage; to weary days of depression and dreary nights of pain; to a long agony of vain regrets, of wrath against fate, of soul-racking memories—to these goes Napoleon Bonaparte, the greatest man ever born of woman." It is a fine book, a masterful study of a famous battle, and every one interested in War's greatest combats should read "Waterloo."

HENRY HAYNIE.


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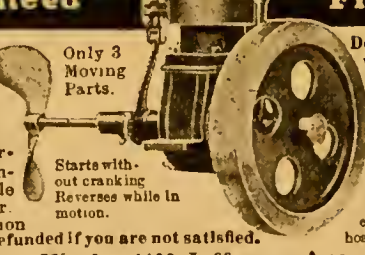

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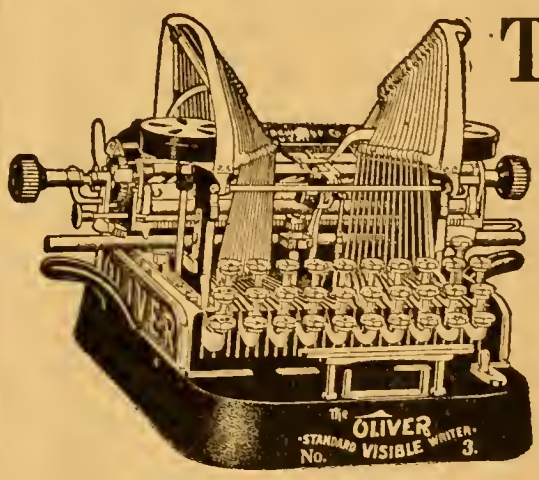


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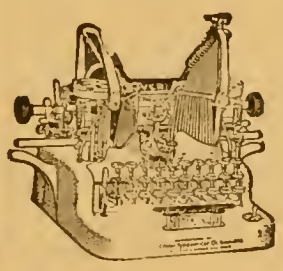

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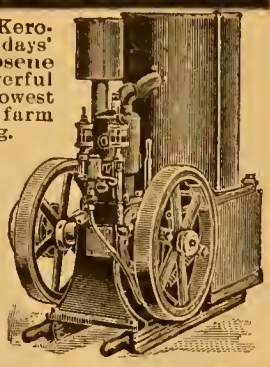

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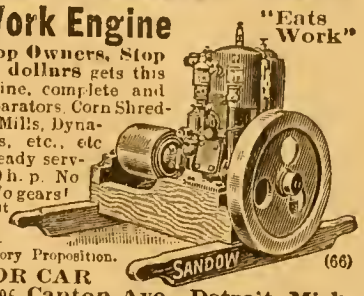


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| Human Life | 2.00 | 1.45 |
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| Metropolitan Magazine | 2.50 | 1.60 |
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| National Monthly | 2.00 | 1.45 |
| Review of Reviews | 4.00 | 3.00 |
| Smith's Magazine | 2.50 | 1.75 |
| Success Magazine | 2.00 | 1.60 |
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| Travel Magazine | 2.50 | 1.75 |
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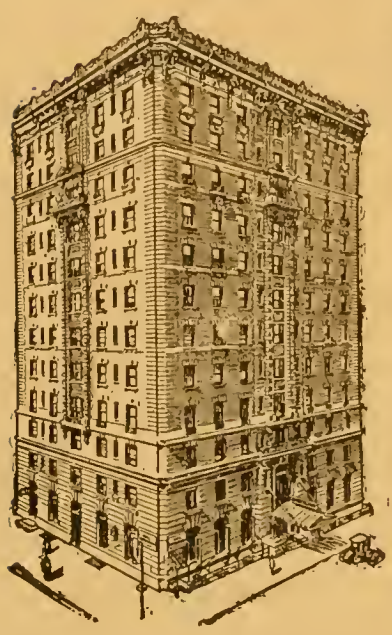

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4. Constructive and Creative powers of Curing and Recreating.
5. Telepathy—
   (1) Mind reading.
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**III.—The Origin of the Soul—**
1. Mind and Body.
2. Mind not in Brain alone. Decapitated Animals.
3. Mental activity transformed into Physical activity.
4. Mind influencing body. Limitation undefined.
5. Connection of Nerve Centers and Cells.
6. **Therefore**—Mind may influence any Living Cell in the body.

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4. Libault, Braid, Myres, etc.
5. America in Arrears—Drs. Prince, Sidis; Profs. James, Hyslop, etc.
6. Hypnotism today—
   (1) Uses, good and bad—Vicious Habits.
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**Note**—Besides the above, Prof. Joseph T. Spencer continues his Shakespearean articles, and Rev. W. F. Hertel begins his startling series of articles on HOW WHITE SLAVES ARE PROCURED, in which he tells in detail just how girls are trapped into a life of shame. To stop this crime, know how it is fed and **stop its feeders.** Every earnest person should read these articles and help keep our girls—and boys, too—from a life of shame.

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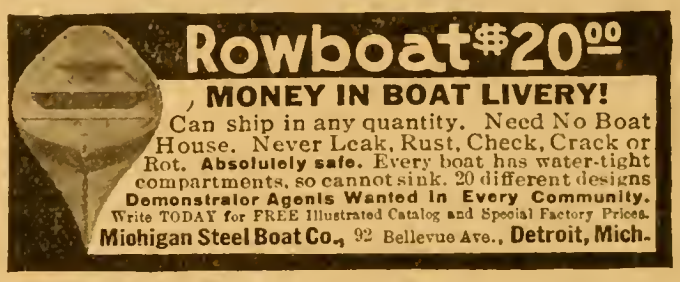


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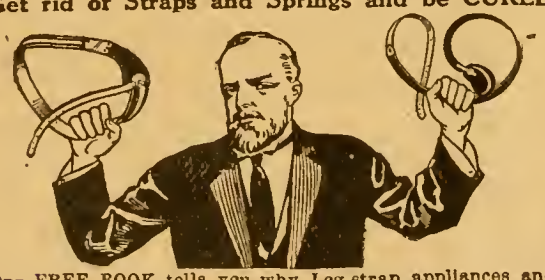

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